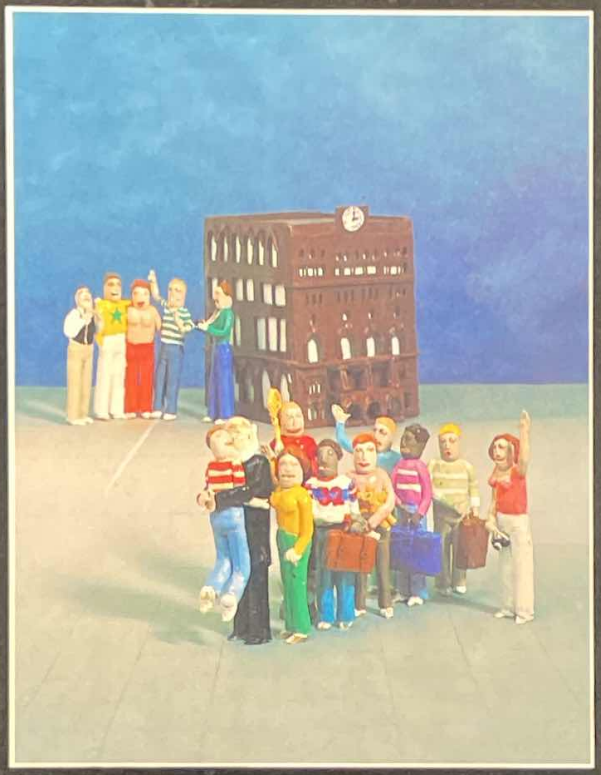


Cable

Cable 77

The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art

A Letter from the President

The Cooper Union
for the Advancement
of Science and Art

Cooper Square
New York, N.Y. 10003
(212) 254 6300

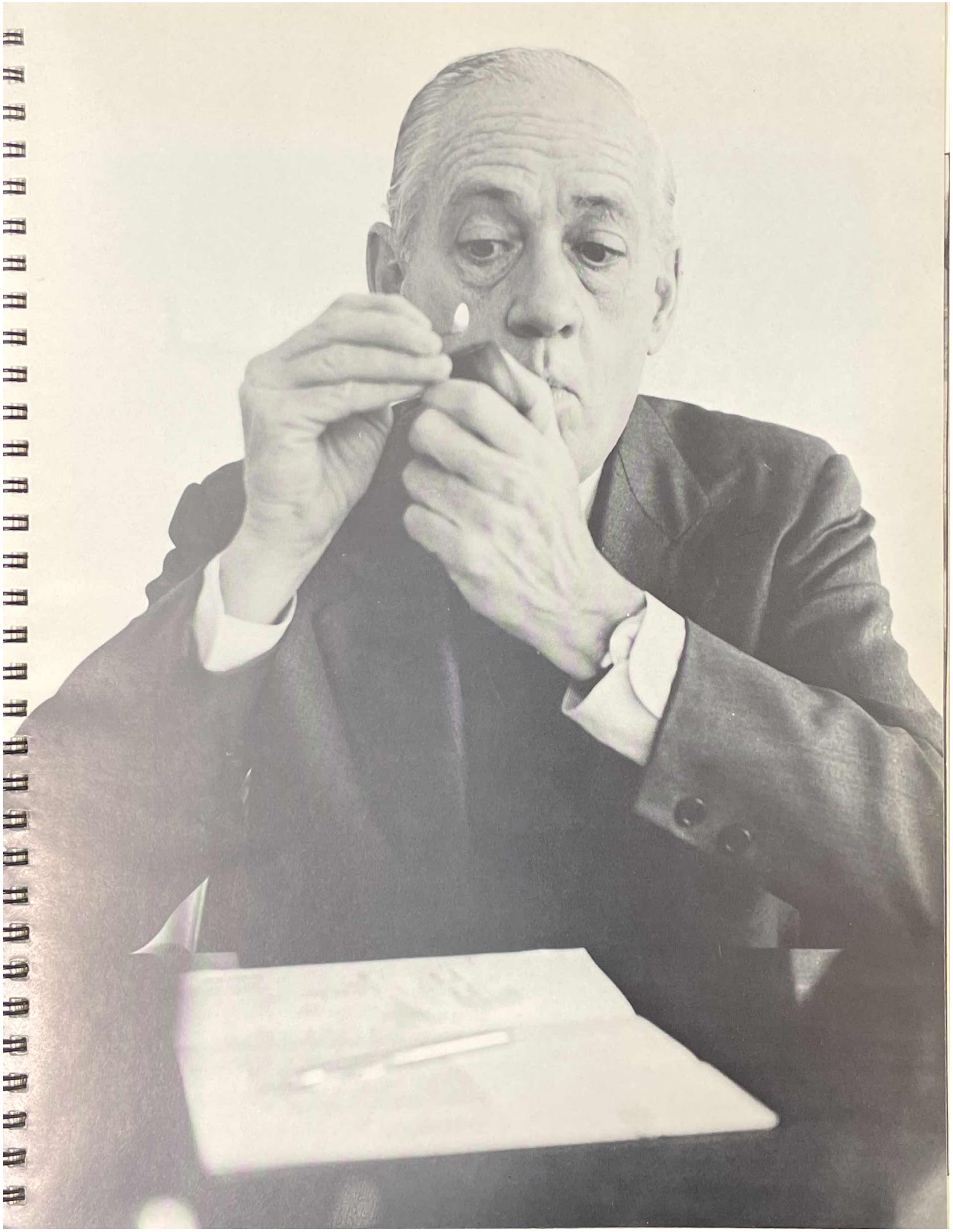
Office of the President

It is with a genuine sense of sadness that I compose this note to seniors in the class of 1977, for it, in a sense, constitutes a farewell. At the same time I write this with great pride, for yours has been a first-class group that has contributed much to The Cooper Union through your positive, creative, and diligent efforts as students here.

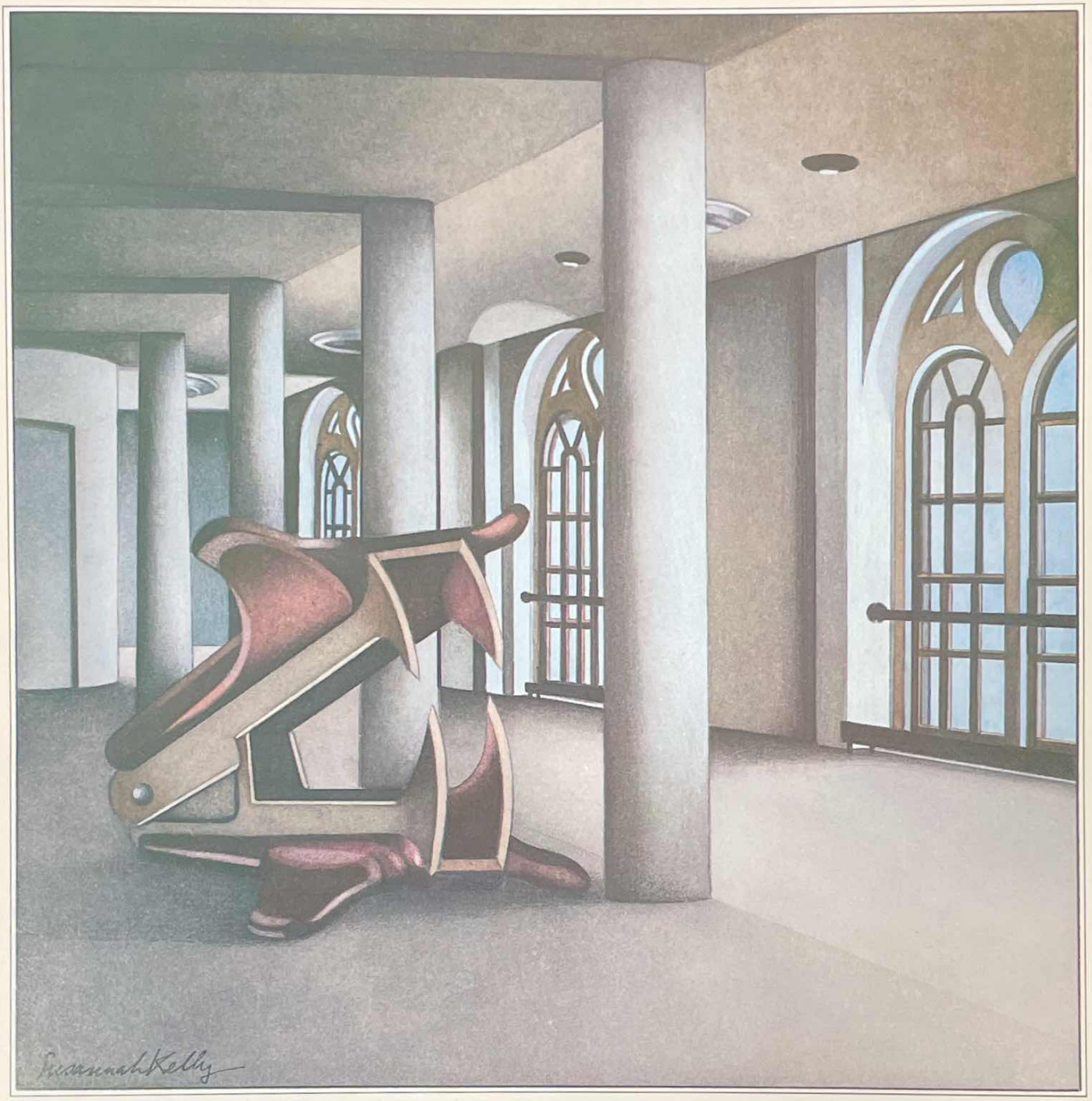
Now you become alumni of this venerable place and I hope that your loyalty, participation, and enthusiam will carry over into that new role in order that we may always count on your efforts to make this a better, more effective and exciting place in which to learn.

With this note comes my personal best wishes
for your happiness and success.

John F. White



Architecture

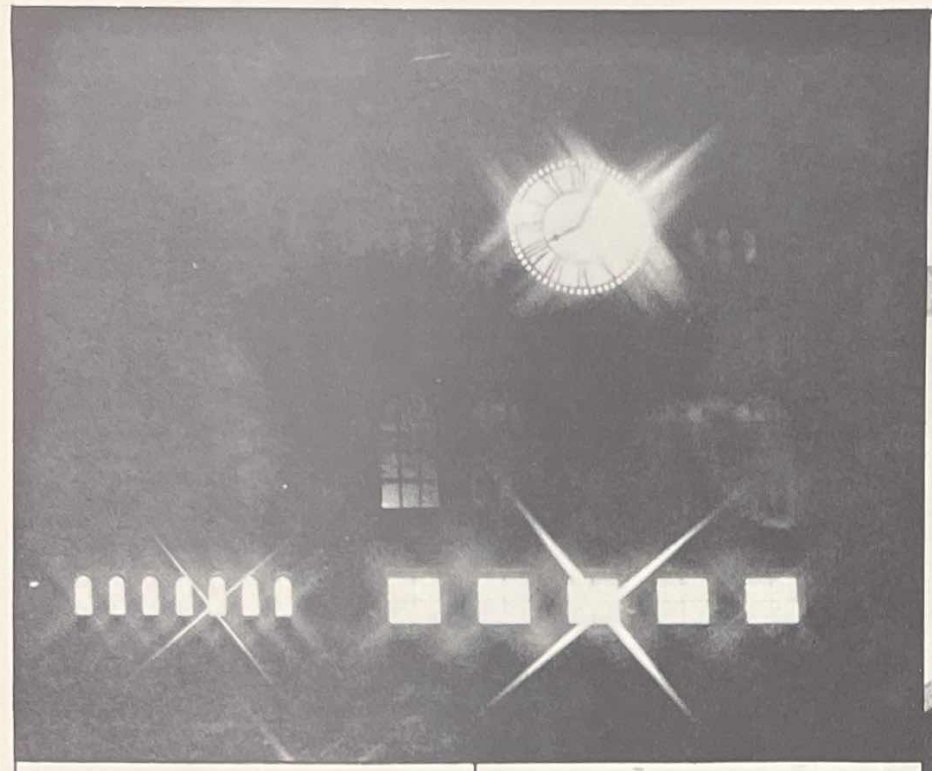

Susannah Kelly

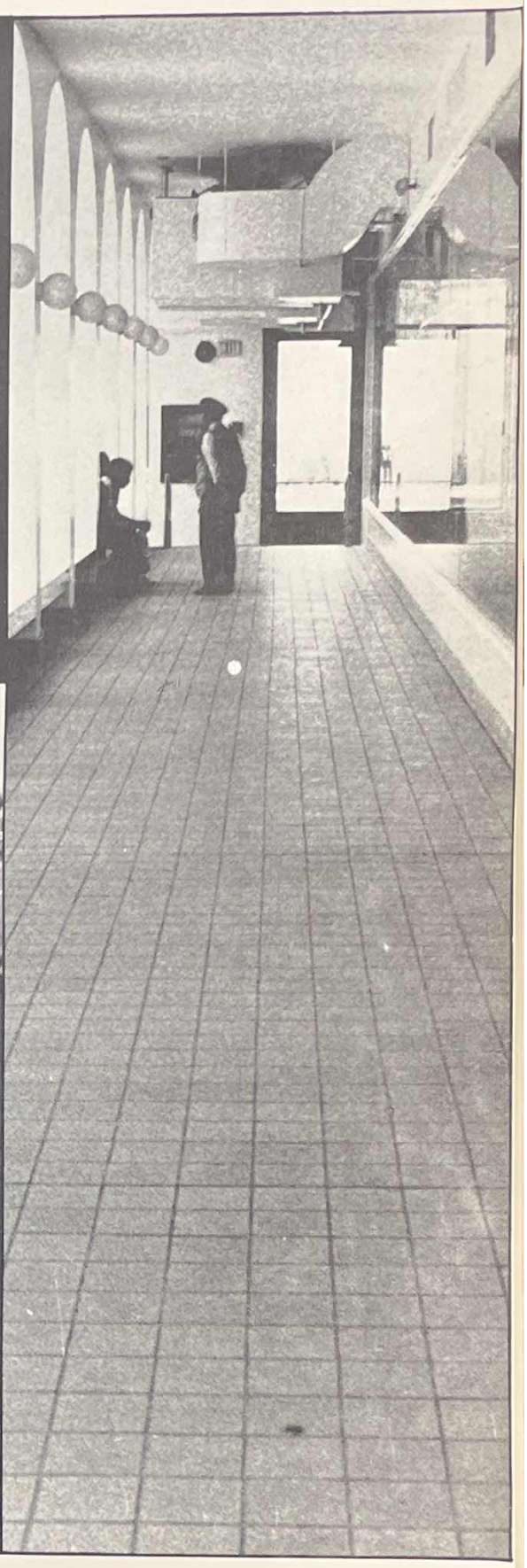
The Structure of Elegance

Thirty two yards of lightweight concrete spread evenly over 456#8 reinforcing rods. By placing the rods high in the slab and removing the forms before sufficient securing time has elapsed, an extremely nice sag can be achieved of up to eleven inches in its extremity. By finishing off, furnishing, carpeting and painting the area beneath the slab in a very short time, one can ready for the ultimate collapse. Large chunks of concrete on the Laz-E-Boy, plaster laced through the shag and ground into the Persian. Conduit coyly coiling around the chrome coffee table.

Perhaps the lintels over the portals will be too severely distorted and incapable of standing up without assistance. In such a case, allow me to suggest that you employ the services of several cows (whose firmness of back and depth of Moo I can personally attest to). Placed either horizontally or vertically, on hoof or on head, these remarkably adaptable creatures will insure your accessability no matter what the time of day, angle of sun, or intensity of menstrual flow.

And, lest I forget, I should also emphasize the crucial albeit self-evident requirement of securing the wall panels. Variously referred to as "the cerebral escape hatch", "the Westinghouse Trash Masher" and the "vertebrae space-packer", explosive bolts SAE5748/D must be located three feet from the ceiling and fifty two centimeters from the nearest outlet. The release switch should be well oiled and cleaned monthly. It is your best friend, you take care of it, and it will take care of you.





Engineering

sinclair
Cambridge Memory
C CE RM CM %
7 8 9 ÷
4 5 6 ×
1 2 3 −
• 0 = +

Memories of the Class of '77

On a very hot September morning back in 1973 it all started when I read the name Nick Arcuri. I can't write an article that mentions all the names and incidents, but I can't forget certain things like:

After that first class Carl, Peter, and Carl Newman playing Tommy, Zubie and myself in basketball.

Dean Kut calling me down to his office to talk about the Spivak twins and Peter.

How come Sections 4 and 5 didn't get to play tennis in the armory?

Bruce Koller and Steve Gliebe waiting four years to play inter-collegiate tennis.

Debbie and Jeff being the only students on the ski trip that knew how to hustle.

Opening day with the Yankees—John (Pete), Sam, Tonny Bobby at Shea Stadium.

Billy Mauro in the cold pool down at the Church of All Nations.

Billy Lee's long jump shots.

What the hell is a XEGZOBLOBS?

Phil Matcovich doing a tremendous job with the Judo even though he injured Lorraine.

John Hitsos dancing his way to notoriety.

Listening to Gene Pon's threats of coming to Florida.

If it were up to Monti, Dino, Tom, and Herbie we'd have skied at Jay Peak.

Watching Baker's Boys turn into the Sonics.

Watching the Sonics fight and lose.

Watching the Sonics fight and win.

Thanks, ASME for the alumni party!

Seeing Chris Chambliss hit that home run.

Thanks for the pictures, Dino.

Listening to how much weight Jeff Sokol had gained.

What are the odds of meeting in Disneyworld?

Never seeing Wally Leung without a smile.

Talking to Greg, Emil, Billy and Jimmy about getting senior rings early.

Talking to Jim McCann more in one year than I did in the previous three.

Losing to Donald and Zubie in pool.

Thanks, Laura and Marissa, for everything.

Margaret learning to love the water.

Was Bobby Grass the paddleball champion? Or did he just make suits?

Tom Mazz knows more about VW's than the above forementioned.

How many people were in the *lockerroom* with Bob Lombardi?

Joe Eder getting a clean base hit in softball.

Dino vaulting.

Did Dave Rolinski go on the ski trip?

Tommy not taking the ride to the Church of All Nations.

Special thanks to Joel Yarmish.

What was your time for the mile?

Last year's Sonic's party.

How many times did Gregg take the tumbling test?

Planning the roof of the Hewitt Building with Kevin and Roland.

Who won the golf tournament four years in a row?

Jimmy McCann never fouling out of a basketball game.

How many quarters did the Spivak twins put into the meter at the Church of All Nations and St. George's for Peter?

What did you get on the volleyball test?

Mitchell Preiss' pants without the patches.

Lorraine and Phil being the only people on the ski trip to always be on time.

Good luck to Eugene out in Wisconsin.

Jon Umhey—URGENT! IMPORTANT! You must get a job with an expense account that covers *Italian* meals.

Tom Driscoll and partner in 2 on 2 basketball.

How did Nick Jarenko land up on the XEGZOBLOB'S?

Bobby Blowsky talking my ear off one day.

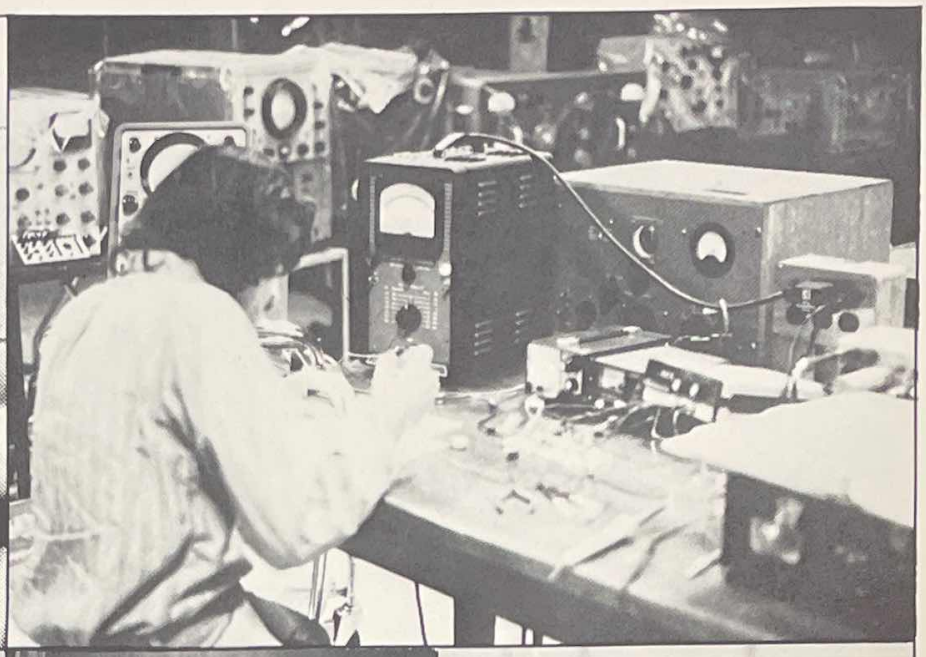
Did Mike Sisti have a straight 4.0 index?

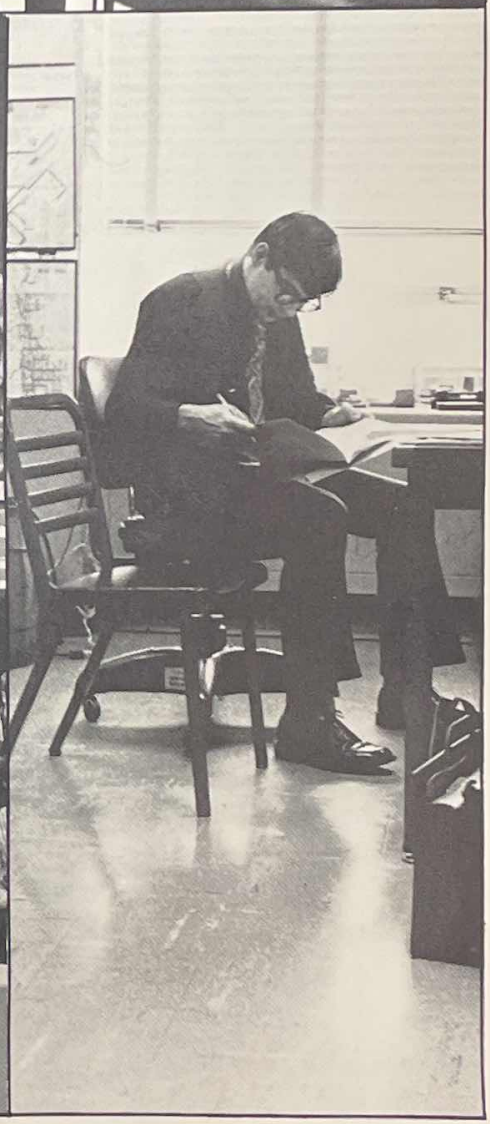
What ever happened to Robert Van Pelt?

Barbara Strambi asking me if I do most of my writing on the bus!

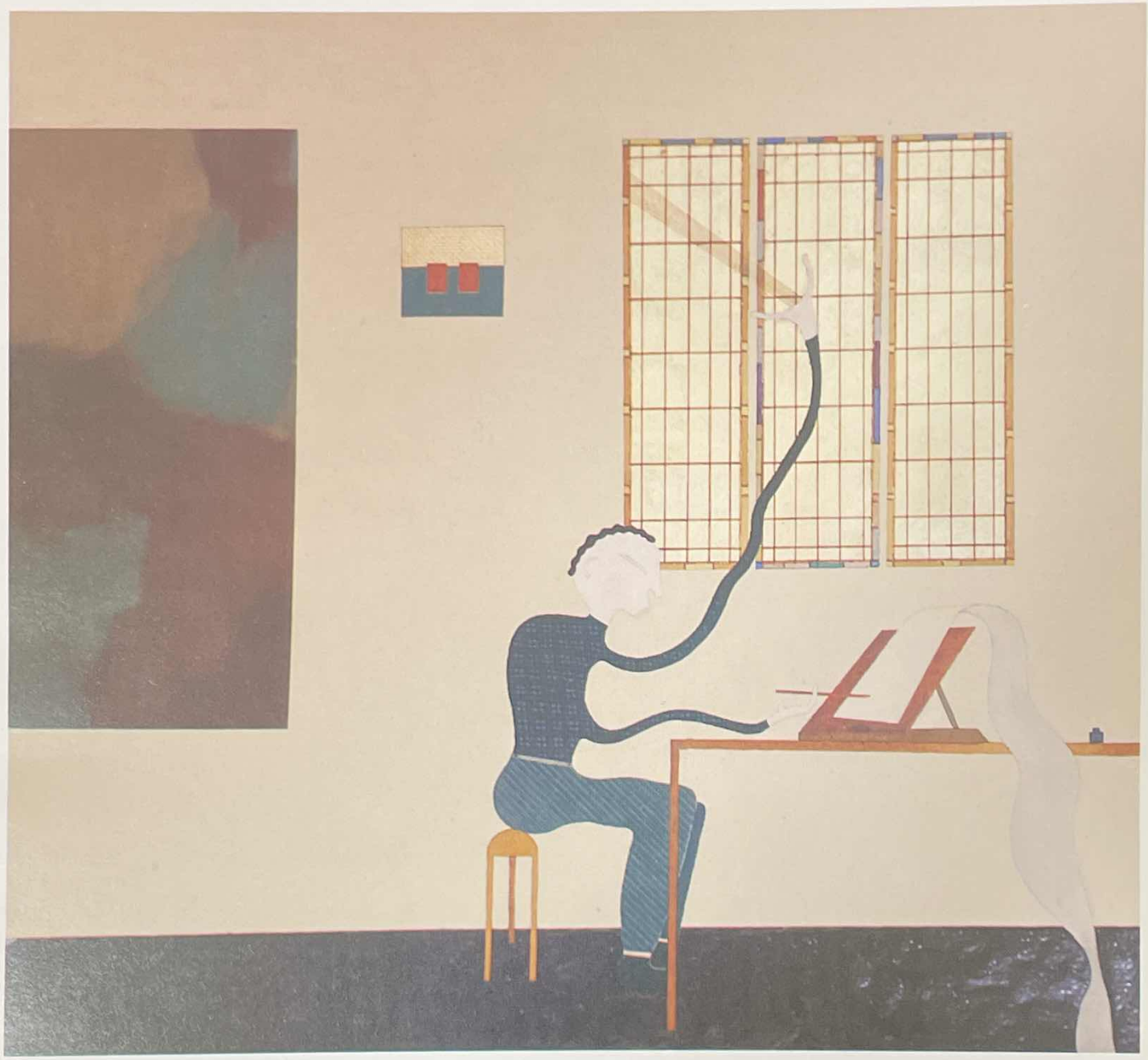
Tommy, Carl, Nick: You'll remember that foul shot a lot longer than I will, simply because you'll live longer.

In four years, did I ever forget your first name??????





School of Art



Typically, a Look Back

As you prepare to step out and march down the avenue of free enterprise, we thought that you might like to stop and reflect on those golden moments which you will hold near and dear, or at least near, in the years to come.

Probably the best place to begin would be in the mythic year, 1973. It seems so long ago you can almost hear the echo. It was spring, you had returned your tux for the senior prom, and were busy working part time after school to save enough money to go to school the next year. Your guidance counselor, who had been promoted the year before from assistant basketball coach, was recommending second-rate art schools like he was getting kick-backs from them. "It'll be a great place for you; three hundred sprawling acres, dances every night, swimming pools, tennis courts, coed dorms." It was starting to sound like you were going off to Mt. Airey Lodge in the Poconos instead of college. And if by accident you mentioned Cooper Union, he either laughed or asked why you wanted to study art at a military academy, or both.

Either because the application fee was half that of every other school or because you liked contests that you had no chance of winning, you mailed in your ten bucks, hoping that you had answered the $16,000 questions correctly. Unlike the other kids, who applied to schools with getting in in mind, you were asking not only for a four year full tuition scholarship, but one at a highly competitive school.

Beginners luck, you made it. Friends, rather than being congratulatory, insisted that it must be an administrative error, or a runaway computer; that all that time they had no idea you could even read. Many of us couldn't, but we sure could art.

Cut to orientation, which comprised seventy some-odd strangers on a Greyhound bus bound for a girl scout camp in the country. Intimidated by all those people who really had deserved to get in, (everyone but you), if you conversed with anyone, you felt compelled to show off the brain that had gotten you a combined SAT score of 1600 (in your dreams). You loosened up a bit after the first few cupfulls of that punch. The kid who hung around the punchbowl all night slept out by the lake.

The next big event was, of course, the first day of school. There you were, a little kid again, not knowing what to do or where to go and overhearing reassuring comments from the upperclassmen like, "they're so little this year!" You thought you would be kicked out by the end of the first week anyway, so it didn't matter much. But things got rolling, until after not too long you began to realize that it wasn't going to be that bad after all. Throughout high school you had been told just how hard college was going to be, and here you were celebrating liquid by throwing anything in that form against the newly whitewashed walls. You celebrated fire in much the same way and one of your more adventurous classmates made his contribution to the celebration of eroticism by placing a bowl of red Jello with a vibrator in its center under a spotlight and turning it on.

Your first assignment for Photography 1 was a nude self-portrait. More than a few of us wondered what significance this held in learning to focus our newly acquired cameras. But you complied in the assumption that this must be ART. (A few of the more zealous and less modest females did exceptionally well in that class.)

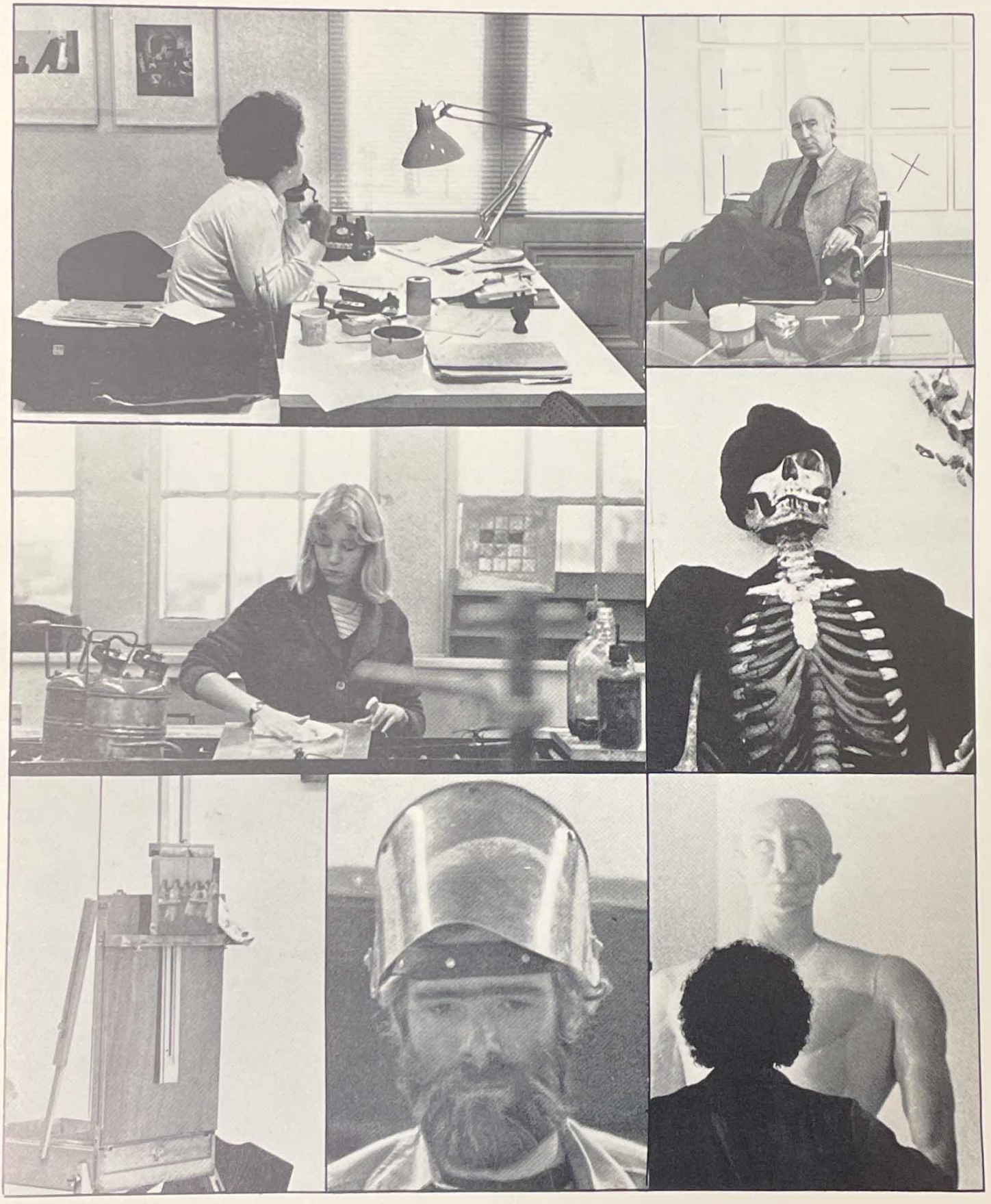
You had to design a container which would keep an egg from breaking when dropped from five stories. 7th St. was a mess that day.

Alphonse Schilling amazed and amused you with his stereo vision. (He didn't need the viewer!) But he wasn't too fond of your class because you weren't all geniuses and he couldn't teach any but geniuses. (Now where were all those SAT's of 1600?)

Gene Becker and Tom Gormley were probably the most conscientious people in the graphics department, but like all good things, they, too, came to pass when their contracts expired. That began the biggest protest of our four years, namely the film and video scuffle, which lasted two whole weeks. (a record)

Yours has been labeled the "back to brass tacks" generation. The war was over, you didn't even have a draft card to burn, and it was tough enough just getting a group together to streak. A pair of more open-minded women artists remedied that by baring their pair for a quick jaunt from one door of the engineering building to the other, but their jaunt turned out to be slightly less than spectacular.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to continue these generalizations past your foundation years. You all went your separate ways, pursuing your personal goals, which is as it should be. But wherever those goals may take you, and from here on they can only lead us as a group apart, it's good to think of perhaps the most basic thing that will always bind us together; the feeling each of us felt on that day in April, 1973 on which the letter arrived. For all the jokes we've made, and all the fun we've poked at this place, stop and think of what might have been if that letter had never come at all.



1973–1977

PLEASE!! NO EATING
BROWN BAGGERS LUNCH ROOM
IN HEWITT BASEMENT

Alka-seltzer, Africans, aphrodisiacs, anaerobic, Agnew, aggrevation, amyl nitrate, affirmative, buttocks, buns, burgers, Benihana, Bertolucci, burned-out, Bergman, Bogart, blondes, brunettes, coffee, caffeine, Coke, coke, crazies, corns, Clyde, cash, coitus, Cooper, chemistry, California, cretin, cream, condom, conceptual, creativity, computers, cacaphony, chess, Chinese, cheap, cigarettes, call-girls, cigars, craps, cream-puffs, cable, choreography, Darvon, dope, drugs, donuts, Dairy-queen, dyke, Dexedrine, dramamine, dirt, droogs, dog shit, bullshit, armpit, Daily News, dancing drinking, dilly-dallying, drop-kick, Bowie, Clapton, Beatles, Stones, Dylan, drama, dime-bags, debutante, deans, Carvel (Tom), Baghrat Topagua, (and his mom), Jim Beam, Daniels, disco, drumbeat, duck dabble, dripping-wet, elephant, Eberhard-Faber, Pucci, Gucci, DR, eggcream, english muffin, Entenman's, eon, eats, abortion, exit, Farah Faucett, Fanne Fox, England, erection, estrogen, electricity, fornication, forgery, Ford, Ford, Carter, fleabag, freon, faggot, fraud, flipped-out, fence, fingers, fat, Fonz, filberts, Friday, Flaubert, forcefeed, fathers, Connors, festival, flimsy, flaming, flat, fat, floors, foul, flaccid, fixation, garbage, goose, galleries, Garamond, gross, Galloping Gourmet, gin, glycerine, Ginzburg, Hal 3000, Halston, Helvetica, harbor, Harvard, hijack, hippies, habitual, hormones, half-assed, Howard Hughes, humphrey, hookers, Hustler, huckster, hipsters, hips, honkies, heroin, horny, halloween, graduation, Hewitt, engineering, hickeys, hysteria, home, head, helpless, hereditary, harmful, hemmorhoids, daisies, roses, ink, Henny Hendon, Indians, incriminate, illicit, ballistics, ink blot, Jackson, Jimmy who?, jaundice, Gary Gilmore, Entebbe, Amin, Jackson five, jump-start, Jaguar, Honda, Fiat, King Kong, kill, ketchup, kip, boomerang, beanbag, hammock, backgammon, Lorna Doone, keef, Lucy, Linda Lovelace, hashish, LSD, Lord of the Flies, licking, loving, looking, larceny, leprocy, lenticular, largesse, Loch Ness, liberal, litho libel, laundry, liberty, Landry, lip-synch, moron, Muscovite, muskrat, mushmouse, mammaries, muscles, masturbation, murder, mink, messenger, minox, maxi, mini, midi, Dennis the Menace, dork, knob, durable, dune-buggy, decked-out, frogs, future shock, out-to-lunch, methedrine, methane, gasoline, gas-lines, Green Camp, mortal, bewitched, bargain, Morgan, Clockwork Orange, Culligan man, Caligula, Candide, Murdoch, meglomania, monkees, mensch, Martha Mitchell, Mickey Mouse, hit, marijuana, mushroms, mescaline, opium, metric, Metrical, mush, Charlie Brown, medicine, migraine, aspirin, Dristan, Contac, sine-off, necking, negligent, Nixon, acne, Nashville, psoriasis, nembutal, noise, neutral, neuter, nitrous, nibbles, munchies, neutrol, nil, nutrient, naps, nips, nubile, Nureyev, Barishnikov, neon, neet, neat, need, no, nark, narcotic, naptha, bronze, brass, nipples, nudies, cheeks, bump, hustle, nymphomania, nightperson, negro, opera, opium, olifactory, output, opulence, olivetti, okra, ochre, omnipotent, obnoxious, oh-oh, orifice, Ora-Fix, old,oranges, freeze, frieze, freaks, flower-children, Fillmore, fenderbender, filibuster, jock, pot, porky, policeman, pancreas, pornography, Pippin, pimp, prostie, pristeen, pimples, pinball, pissed-off, Panama, panama red, phallus, pubic hair, pranks, peep-show, pill, prejudice, placate, Playboy, Playgirl, conehead, Chevy, Gilda, Ponderosa, panchromatic, Plus-X, Kodak, Pepsi, diet, petrol, pinhead, pompous, peril, pits, pucker, palette, panhandle, Quaalude, quick, queen, qui½, quit, quark, ulcer, religion, Broadway, ultimate, rape, real, restitution, restaurant, Rex Reed, rental, repartee, reportage, Parkay (butter), paranoia, paramour, paramount, pickle, pinch, Ricky Ricardo, Ronald McDonald, rhomboid, Roy Rogers, rip chord, Rin Tin Tin, yawn, ribald, Ripple, retarded, rude, rube, monorail, rich, poor, DWI, rinky-dink, mugger, Rolphing, EST, gang, war, visine, ripped, rent, bills, money, dollars, rhetoric, ridiculous, remnant, Richie Rich, Rambler, sterile, stereo, strong, strap, leather, sensual, sensuous, sex, slimy, aquarius, stupid, stack, still, sangria, Seconal, cheba, spliff, stoned, street, smoke, check it out, soaring, parachutes, simulation, standardization, symmetry, sanguine, sip, scotch, bourbon, rye, rum, sambuca, sister, brother, Absorbene Junior, Spinks, Sartre, Sorbonne, Spirit of seventy-six, bicentennial, seventy-seven, flying saucers, UFO, tampon, torture, thyroid, treatment, thick, tetrahydrozaline, teachers, torment, tickly, fellatio, terrestrial, topographic, thorazene, Frank Perdue, lobotomy, THC, TNT, FBI, CIA, TB, TD, TV, teas, tease, t's, tits 'n' ass, tender kiss, touch, tenderly, Tricky Dick, tornado, hurricane, tracks, trips, tomato, ptomaine, potato, botulism, radiation, Patty Hearst, penetration, tongue, umbrella, ulcer, Regine, upside-down, uppity, Uncle Tom, Tiny Tim, Crazy Eddie, vagabond, volvo, vehement, very white, Warner Brothers, wigwam, Waltons, witch, Carrie, wingding, Wharton, Windows, warm, Western Union, whoop whop whoop, yellow, yesserie bob, Yasmine, you, Bloomingdales, Saks, sex, Yucatan, Malibu, greasers, Zipadidooda, crash, balls, Pan Am, toenails, bathtubs, bed, papers, ashtrays, Marlboros, typewriters, zip code, zzzzz's, Zoro, pillows, sheets, sleep, mattress, dream, alarm, work, subway, bus, hurry, late, apologies.

Good Humor
ICE CR

dressing the part
for science
and art
It's Spring!, and Saturday's generation is coming out like butterflies. Easy, breazy, sleazy colours. Easy to wear, easy to draw. (Heavens!)
Babbette, our artiste friend, paints free and hangs free in an all cotton top by Fruit de la Loom. $1.98 on the sixth floor. Eargear by Kamenstein. Hair and skin by Ernie Laszlo.
What better to engineer in than leisure wear from the new line of menswear by Shecky Greene Ltd? Accessories by Hush Puppy.

T-square, Times Square, all around the town. Pépé won't be caught with his pants down in these smart drawstrings unless he means to
Both his and Bobbi's tops from the Buy Bi Shop on three. Stain resistant armwear, $23.
A little design a lot of hype, and very hip in this very chic and very expensive suit, Men's Dept. Fifth Floor Balcony. Accessories from all the right places.
EDWINEX
...WITH APOLOGIES TO MICHAELE VOLBRACHT

Fly ash; Eugene Tulchin; two slices of bread; one caribou; some ham and some snot; peanut butter; photo emulsion; dark ale dressing; boloney; raisins; Jo Bright; cherries; pickles; chocolate eggs; a copper onion; McSorley's mustard; one small calculator; paint brush; whopper; an engineer on rye; salami and slide rule; small slice of work; chow mein with styrofoam (it sticks in your throat but you forget about it an hour later); a hit of THC; Wilmarth;

The Cooper Pioneer
Art Engineering

The Whichness of Why

by Don Cowman

I don't know why I'm writing this—yes I do! That is, I know I don't know why I'm writing this, but I'm writing this. This must be so because I'm sitting here in front of this here typewriter, and words are flying out onto the paper like inkspots from a leakly pen. (A little metaphore there—heh!) I was going to publish the contents of the 1947 edition of the Governance for Standford University but this is Cooper Union and Cooper Union didn't have a Governance in 1947, and they barely have a Governance now, now that the Union folded it all into corners and shoved it up the Administration's too-too, but that's all right! It's all right to let everything just all hang out and tell it like it is—just don't let it hang out too far or they'll lop it off. Like what Will Rogers said, your freedom to swing your nose ends where my fists begin. The third point that I wanted to make got blunt and Barry Ozbad—asshole that he is—edited it out of my article, so here is where it used to be:

Hey, just because Ozbad is an asshole doesn't mean that he's an asshole. I want to make this point very clear. He just sits there with a toothy grin on his Face, sounding off like he knows something, and he doesn't, because he doesn't know his asshole from his you-know-what. Relativistically speaking, Barry Ozbad walks around this school thinking he's an elbow. That's okay. It's O.K. thinking You're an elbow. I know somebody who thinks he's President, and as long as you don't take him seriously he can sit on the seventh floor and extract the Governance from his too-too. Seriously, I don't know why I'm writing this. You'll only read it. I don't know if I want you to read it. It's personal. Like, it's just all hanging out. I get paranoid when you read me. All of them eyes just staring at me, waiting for me to Say Something; Say The Thing, the Thing, you know? And then I'll be washed up and that elbow will come and Do It, you know? You Know? You Know one thing about all of this, it will all make sense in the end. The Universal Why will Say Why it Is and I'll understand what it is all about. The trouble is, this isn't the End. The End is at least 1,347,582 words away but Keep Cool, I'll write through it all, one of these days but I can't tie it up now, the ending is still 1,347,557 words away and then we'll know. I'll get it all together in my next installment, the *Whyness of Which*, in the next two hundred, forty seven issues of the *Pioneer*.

A look at Engineers

by Elsie Joe Goldstone

Another thing artists should know about Engineers (in case they misplace themselves after a humanities class and get lost in the Wollman Lounge) is that they never feel inferior alone—they feel inferior in company. I can see 'em now, roaming into the Wollman Lounge, in tight jeans and spindly legs, a whole pace of 'em (they're never alone, always in herds) with their shirts unbuttoned down to a buttoned bellybutton, Latino style—and no hair on their chests. It's the Tough Look, gals the look of supreme confidence as they stride into the Wollman Lounge, and they put on a face of utter contempt as they survey the collection of mere maledom, looking for the oh so occasional girl. If they see one, ("Hey Joe, will ya lookit *dat!* It's a *girl*, Joe!" "Wuzzat, oh, *yea*, a *girl*" and they go over and tentatively paw one of my body length plaster casts that I'm leaving around the school—it's been a long time for some of them) they get all hysterical inside but you never see it on the outside. Not them. They're cool. Lets face it, they're inferior. They know they're inferior. I know they're inferior. I never get a *call* from any of them snotty cool, contemptuous machos, though I know they're melting inside. All's they can do, the whole herd of them, when they see a girl, is to kick the turf (rug) with their hands in their pockets, leering and saying nice things like 'Golly gee, lookit the pair *she's* got!' and they don't *do* anything! Oh, they say nice things about my dimples and ask why I never wear a dress, but I don't think that there's enough courage among the whole herd of 'em to even *kiss* me!

Screw 'em.

I suppose I oughtta talk about S.T.P. since that what this part is all about. Of all of the herds that suffer along with their collective inferiority complex, S.T.P. is the biggest, most bestly organized collection of cattle in the whole of the Engineering School. They're the worst offenders as far as I'm concerned. They call themselves a fraternity. Ha. Herewith is a list so you can tell an S.T.P. macho from mere maledom—but remember—you can't tell 'em much.

Physique Best approximated by the halfway mark of a Charles Atlas Body building course. The arms may be bulging and the biceps ready to bicept, but the rest of it is waiting for the twenty seven dollars plus tax needed to work on the hips, torso, and legs. A topheavy look.

Clothing 'it's all there and waiting, baby' style. Tailored shirts that don't button up the front, to expose the hair that is yet to come, waiting for a fifth floor concoction that'll grow it—or another Charles Atlas course. Jeans are tight and ankle-length. Boots are straight cowboy.

Expressions "Hey babe, yuh workin' hard" (accompanied by a soft-core leer.) Among some of the S.T.P. machos, this is the only English they know. "Whacha doin'?" (*What* are you *doing?* where 'cha' equals 'are you') another ice breaking inquiry. S.T.P. machos are damn good at breaking the ice. It's the follow through that leave me quivering.

The Cable staff has just been informed that there is an Engineering School at Cooper. If anyone knows anything about this, please drop a note in our mailbox.

DEAN of STUDENT NOTES

It has come to my attention that the students are making messy-messy and doing naughty-naughties in the Wollman Lounge. If it dones't cease *immediately* we whall be forced to take away your coffee truck. ALSO: Sad to say I've been informed that the bathrooms on the sixth floor of the Foundation Building are a holy mess. This is clearly an *internal* problem to be worked out within the confines of the Art School but if those bathrooms aren't cleaned up *pronto* we shall be forced into the position of issuing lavatory passes and temporarily suspending bathroom privileges indefinitely. Realistically, I doubt whether the bathrooms will ever be used properly; every large group will probably contain the few who are morally corrupt. I hate to bell the cat, but *it* was David Zener's fault, 3EE. I caught him in the act and to top it off, I have pictures. Nyah, nyah, nyah. And the reason why we refused to sell Peter Cooper class rings to the Freshman and Sophomores is because here at Cooper Union, we uphold the long-standing tradition of keeping the students scared shitless until the final day of their last term—sitting, white as sheets, on the edges of their chairs waiting for little registered letters that say "Hi! How's your vacation? We always love to hear from our students! Love, your friendly neighborhood Student Services Office." This is more fun for us than you can imagine. We in the Student Services office want you to know we're here and we're working. And losing things. And misplacing things. And consistently bollixing things up. Over and over and over. We never are quite up to date or really know what's going on here at Cooper Union but who cares? It's such a small little school that nobody else knows either! Best wishes for a fruitful semester!

More Notes from the dean of students.

To all Students: It has come to my attention that students are committing an unspeakable horror. THIS WILL CEASE IMMEDIATELY! If I catch any of those bastards in the lounge I will whip them all to a bloody pulp.

Due to the poor performance of the student body as a whole on the final examinations the promised summer recess will not be held. Tough Noogies.

LETTERS

A Letter

Dear MCP's:

A recent Pioneer article suggested that male engineering students found themselves attracted to female art students. This is absolutely disgusting. Liberated male persons do not think of female persons as "pretty" or "charming" or any of those other chauvinistic put-downs. As a woperson I find it insulting and derogatory to be considered "attractive".

Furthermore, I demand that half the Pioneer staff resign and be replaced by female persons.

—Sonia Libba, 2FA

Another Letter

Dear Editor,

Rumor has it that you write your own "Letters to the Editor" and then respond to them. Is this true?

At a time when CU is beset with problems—labor disputes, library schemes, the coffee in Peter's Pantry; it is disheartening to see the Pioneer editor wasting so many column-inches talking to himself.

—Ozzie R. Goodgarry

Another Letter

Dear Oz,

What's it to you if I talk to myself? As for the letters, we just publish whatever we find in the mailbox; sure, it might be written by myself, but I have no way of knowing that if the manuscript bears no return address.

As for the other things you mention, they are indeed very important; if we had another 10 writers we could do those topics justice. But I wish in the next two pages to address myself to a much more pressing issue: semicolons.

Jelous would-be Pioneer editors have maliciously accused me of misusing semicolons; inserting them were commas would do the job. I have never abused a semicolon in my life; Furthermore, I have no interest in putting commas out of work.

You may be adept at leveling insuts, would-be's; but you have absolutely no concept of how

Continued on Page 5.

Archaeologists find 'Cooper Community'

by Robert Gamboon

A team of anthropologists and archaeologists has given up its quest for the fabled "Cooper Community". Persistent rumors alleging the existence of The Community have not been substantiated. The scientists also failed to find evidence of the mythical "Student-Faculty Senate".

The team's explorations led them to such unlikely spots as a cave on East 9th St. and a Stonehenge in a hole on 3rd Avenue. A large petrified bird was discovered in Ringwood, N.J., but paleontologists could not verify the creature's reported ties to The Community. Efforts to cross-examine the bird were futile.

Several team members were incapacitated while checking out a New York ale house. One was hospitalized for severe mustard burns.

Other investigators found what may be the world's largest urinals on the second floor of the so-called "Hewitt" Building (presumably named for the woodshop it once housed).

Team leader Scott Trowel hypothesized that the "Cooper Community" legends may be based on the well-documented existence of The Cooper Granfaloon. A granfaloon, according to author Kurt Vonnegut, is a collection of people who seem to share some common bond (e.g., they are all Hoosiers), but nothing of any significance beyond that.

Seniors who expect to graduate should check with the Registrar at least two days before receiving this notice. If you took a course and we forgot to put it on your transcript, you *must* retake the course in order to graduate. There will be no exceptions or discussions concerning this rule.

Class schedules are being prepared for next semester. In keeping with past practice schedules will be completely revised each week. This is to keep you on your toes.

Cooperbowl Ends in Tie

by Robert Bombardi

Last week's long-awaited Cooperbowl ended inconclusively as both the Eighth Floor Chiefs and the Union Hall Indians failed to score any points.

The Cooperbowl had not been held for several years, as the Chiefs have refused to play. "It's our student body," said team captain "Jock" White. "If you don't want to play by our rules, you can just go home." White was apprently miffed by an opponent's description of the Chiefs as "a tough offensive team". "We may be offensive to them," retorted Mr. White, tuggint at his NYU sweatpants, "but we think they're badly in need of a Right Guard."

The Indians felt they had as much right as anyone to kick around the student body, and called the Chiefs "cheats" and "sticks(?)-in-the-mud."

A dispute concerning the location of the match (the Chiefs wanted to play in Washington Square, the Indians at the McBurney Y) was resolved when 3rd Avenue was selected as a playing field. As the traffic on 3rd Avenue is two-way, neither team could claim a disadvantage.

The object of Cooperbowl is nudging, prodding, and kicking the student body to the appropriate goal. Two goas are provided, labelled "Superior Education" and "Institutional Disarray". Both teams in this match claimed to be aiming for the former, but seemed to be drifting toward the latter. The goals themselves were provided by Mr. Fairman.

The Chiefs' team, sporting white and tan uniforms, was spearheaded by Mr. White with strong support from teammates Leo Kaplan and John Dean, and a *trusty* back-up squad.

The Indians (who wore every color except brown) suffered a serious setback when their star player, Kareem Jameel Ahmad, was removed from the game. "Dr. J" was carried out on a green plaid stretcher, and was apparently the victim of a caffein overdose. "Mean Gene" Tulchin took up the slack, assisted by "Wiggly" Wurmfeld, rookie "hands" Haacke, and "Big Bad Thad" Gatza.

Throughout the game, a cheering squad of fresman Art students took their cues from Mr. Tulchin.

Early in the first half, the Chiefs gained a psychological advantage by having several of their opponents disqualified on grounds of being Physicists. "If this keeps up," said Tulchin, "there'll be all Chiefs and no Indians." Several well-placed blows to the student body followed, nearly earning the Chiefs some points, but the shots were blocked by a passing bus.

The Chiefs' tactics were characterized by lots of huddling action, broken by unexpected blitzkriegs during official time-outs.

The Indians, on the other hand, preferred the "Brownian motion" strategy, moving in all different directions at once. Neither team paid much attention to the student body, although they did continue to boot it back and forth.

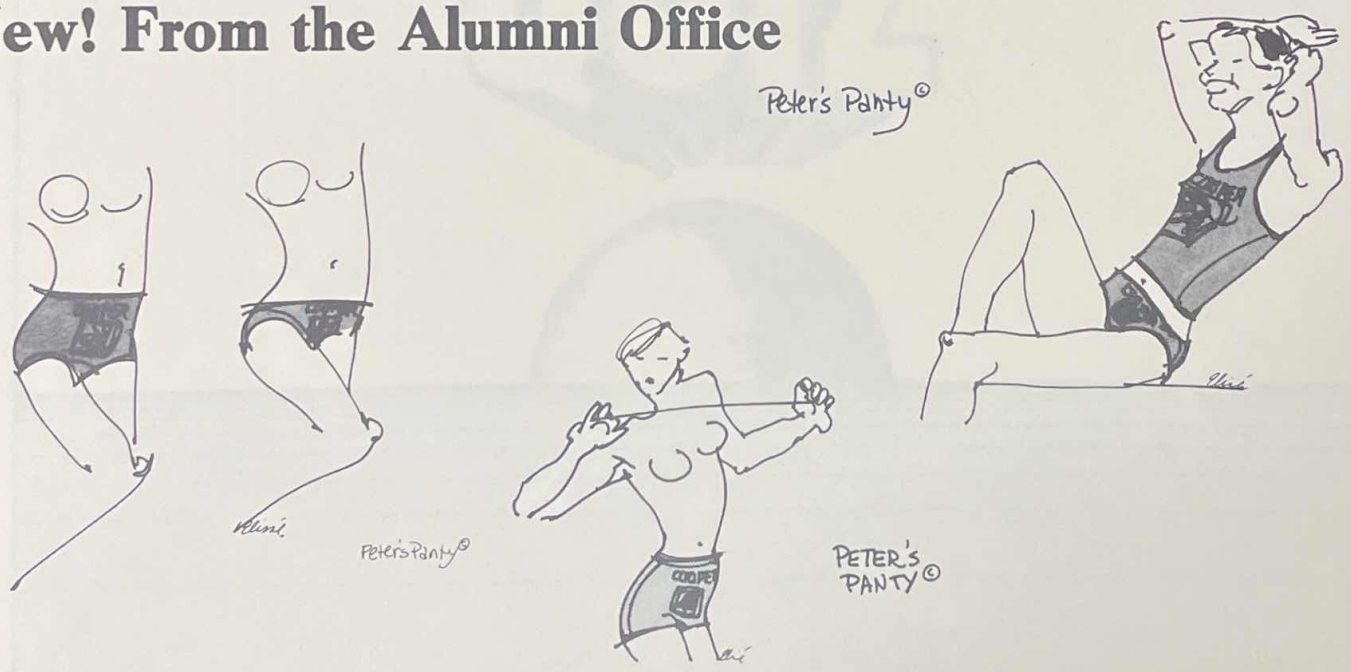
The Indians were concerned that their opponents would employ the dreaded "lay-off" play, which is similar to a *lay-up* in basketball. The Indians themselves had a secret weapon of sorts in Coach Margolis' much-heralded 'NLRB Charge," which consists of Nimbly Leaping, Running, and Bounding. The Indians were continuqlly on the verge of using this tactic.

Halftime featured a tedious display of irrelevance by Pom-Pom Girl Marylyn Gore, after which the game proceeded uneventfully. The Cooperbowl was finally called when the student body had become thoroughly deflated.

This is wasted space. We didn't feel like finishing the page.

Editors

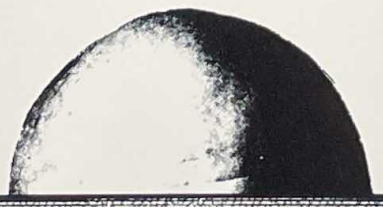
New! From the Alumni Office



To be opened in the year 2000 A.D.

Just picture yourself age 45 or so trying to remember your Cooper years. Please don't cheat by opening it early (like right now) because it won't mean anything to you right now anyway.

THE MIRACULOUS MILLENIUM QUIZ



Identify these names from the past

Flash Cadillac
Chuck Barris
Nadia Comeneci
Leon Spinks
Baghrat Topahgua
Henny Hendon
Gilda Radner
"Big Bird" Fydrich
Gary Gilmore
Patty Hearst
Crazy Eddie
Sun Myung Moon
Werner Erhardt
Erica Jong
Mother Bucka
Dandy Don
Idi Amin
Queenie LaRue
Lina Wertmuller
Diane Keaton
Anita Bryant
Ron Ziegler

Miss Lillian
Fanne Fox
J.D.Salinger
Bob Fosse
Larry Flynt
Mikhael Baryshnikov
Daddy Warbucks
Minnie Ripperton
Blue Meanie
George Meany
Andrei Sakharov
Gore Vidal
Barbie and Ken
Barbie and Hef
Arthur Fonzarelli
Archie Bunker
Peter Lemongello
Morly Safer
John Dean
John Doe
Bert Parks
Elsie Borden

What are the names of Mary Hartman's

a. Mother
b. Father
c. Husband
d. Daughter
e. Lover
f. Superstar neighbor
g. Sister
h. Mayor

Identify the following initials

CIA
FBI
LSD
SBLE
SVA
DNA
STP
KCIA
JDL
WABC
AWOL
HUAC
KKK

CAT
DOG
PCP
IRT
BMT
RIP
PGA
NFL
LED
LEM
PDQ
JKV
JBL

Connect the following musicians and groups with their hits

The Beatles	Very Superstitious
The Rolling Stones	School's Out for Summer
Rolls Royce	Dark Star
The Grateful Dead	I Write the Songs
Elton John	If You Feel Like I Feel
Alice Cooper	The E Street Shuffle
Gloria Gaynor	Car Wash
Peter Frampton	Sweet Virginia
Bruce Springsteen	Midnight Love Affair
Patti Smith	Help!
Barry Manilow	Gloria
Stevie Wonder	Rocket Man

What were the first words spoken on the moon?

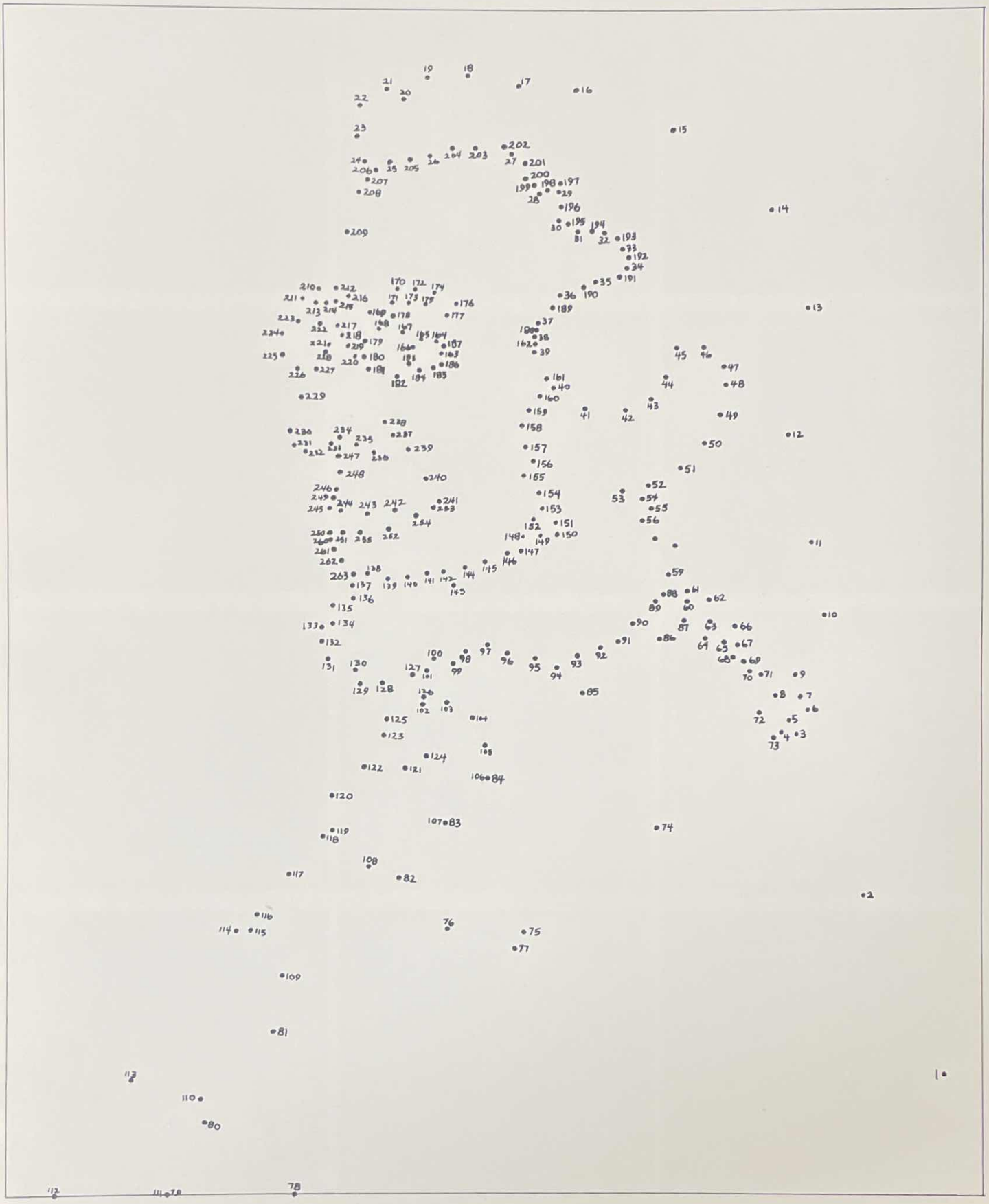
Name the occupation of each of these TV characters

Mary Richards
Bob Hartley
Archie Bunker
Tom Hartman
Mr. Kotter
Merle Jeeters
Hawkeye Pierce
Rhoda Morganstern
Michael Stivik
Fred Sanford
Florida Evans

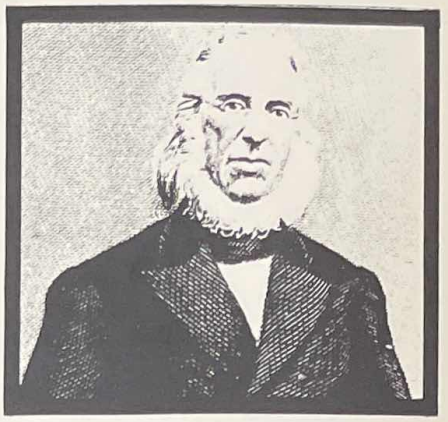
Attach dates to the following events:

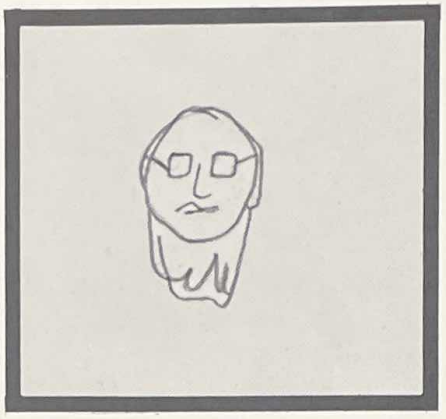
Saigon falls
Nixon resigns
Watergate broken into
Prohibition of marijuana repealed
Mao Tse-Tung Dies
Beatles perform for last time
Men land on moon
Mariner lands on Mars
Entebbe raided
King Kong remade

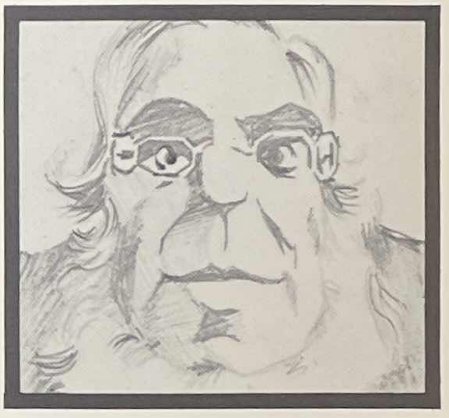
Connect the Dots

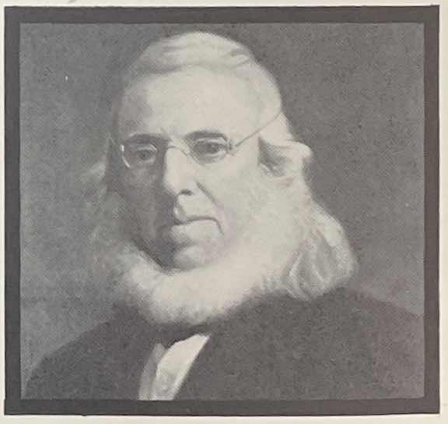


THE ICONOGRAPHY

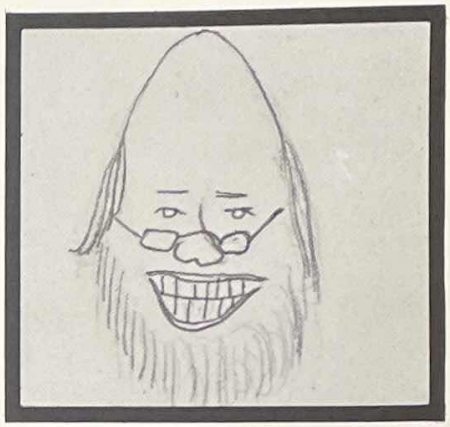


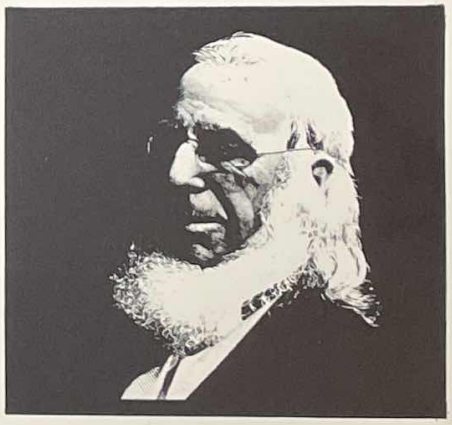
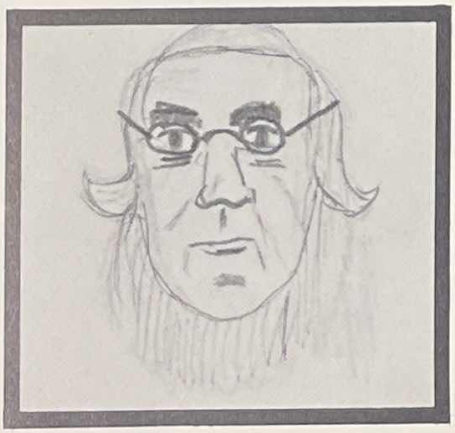


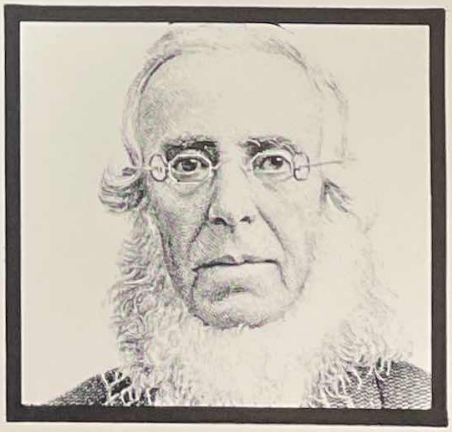




OF PETER COOPER

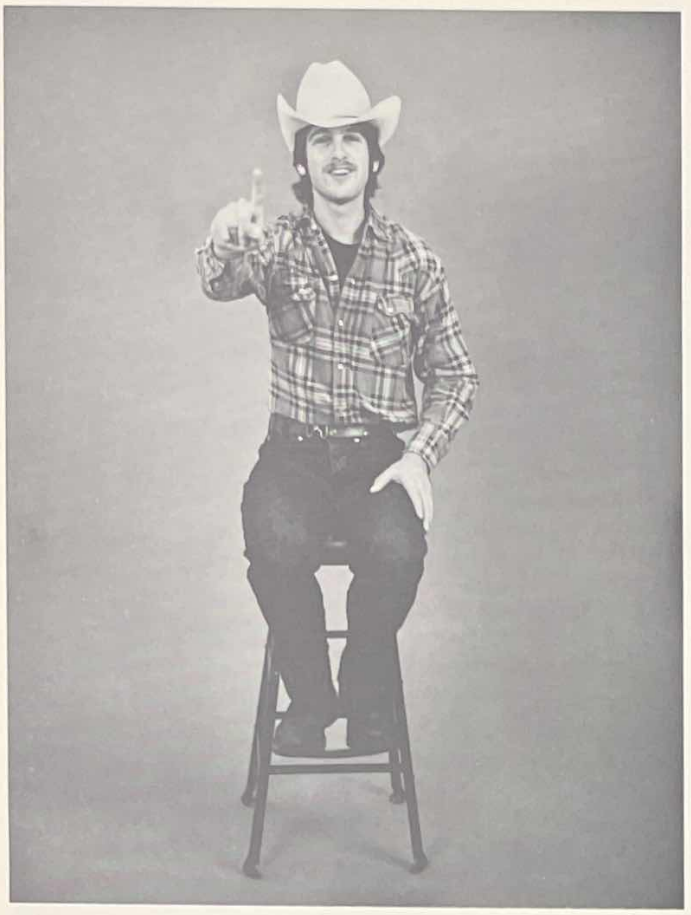


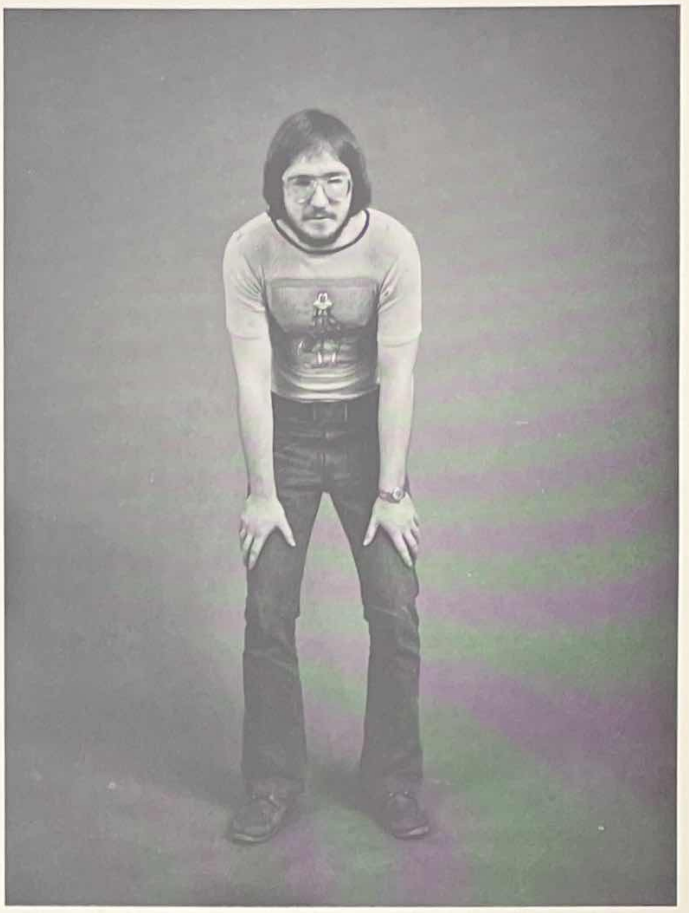



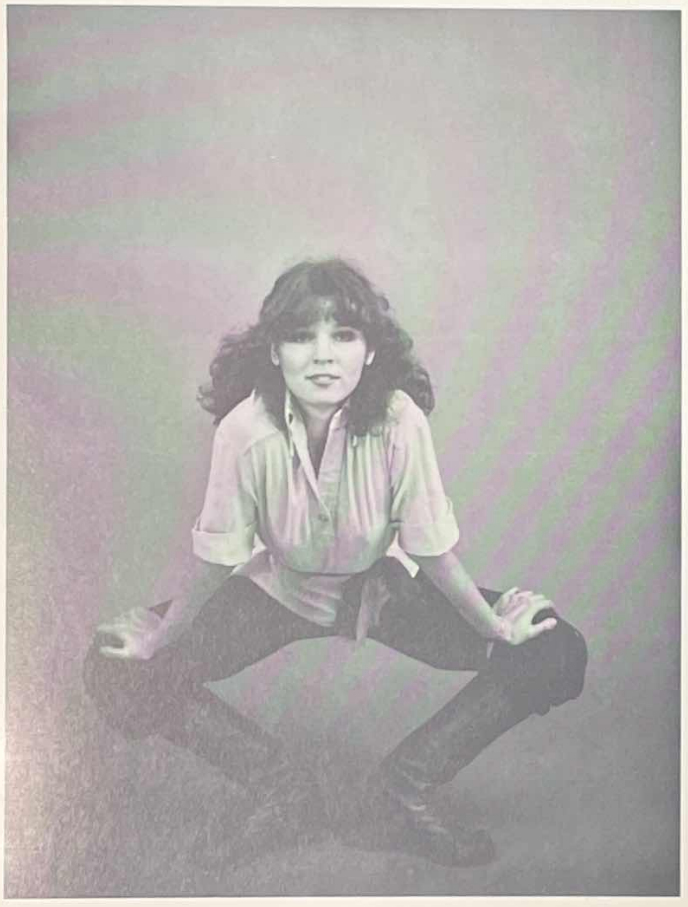


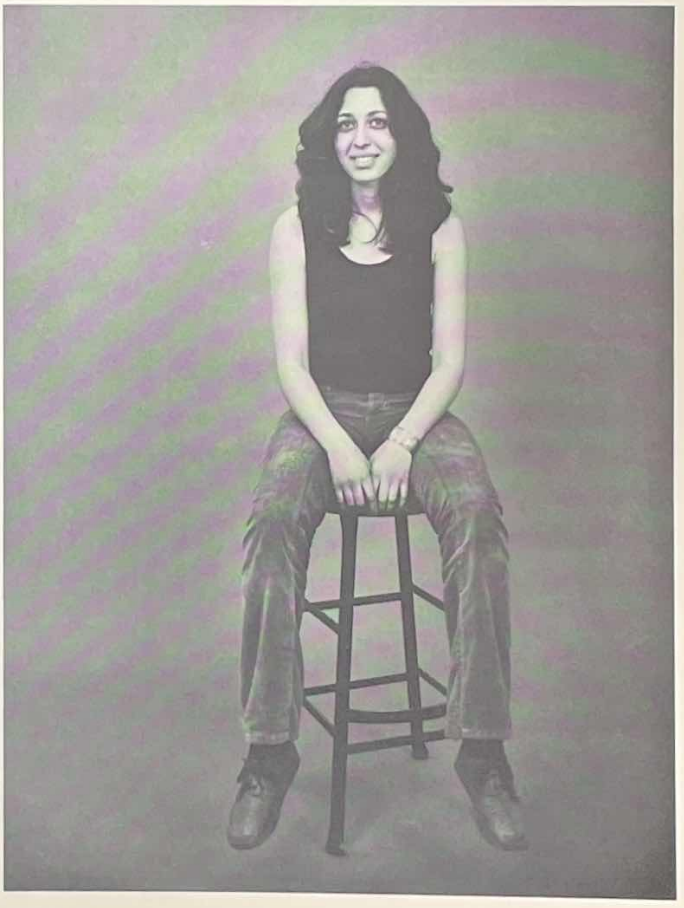
Senior Photography

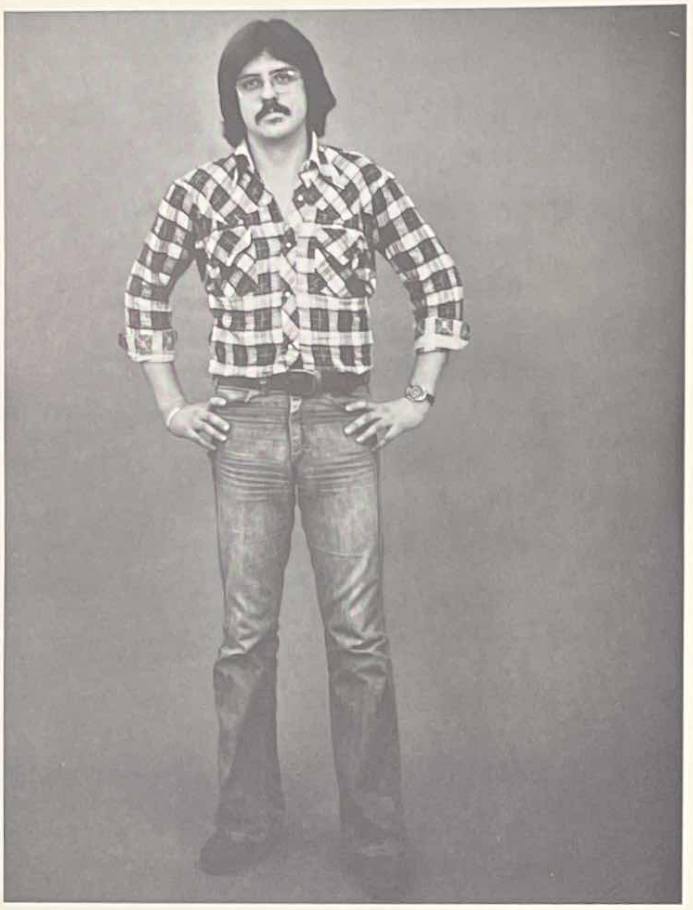
COPAL NO.0
Lens made
CALTAR-S II

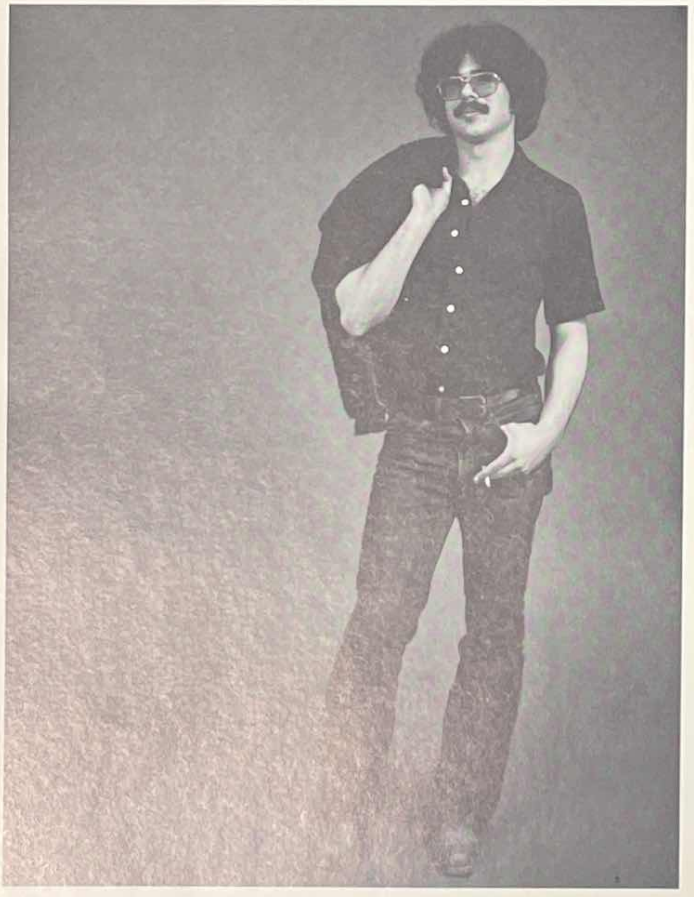


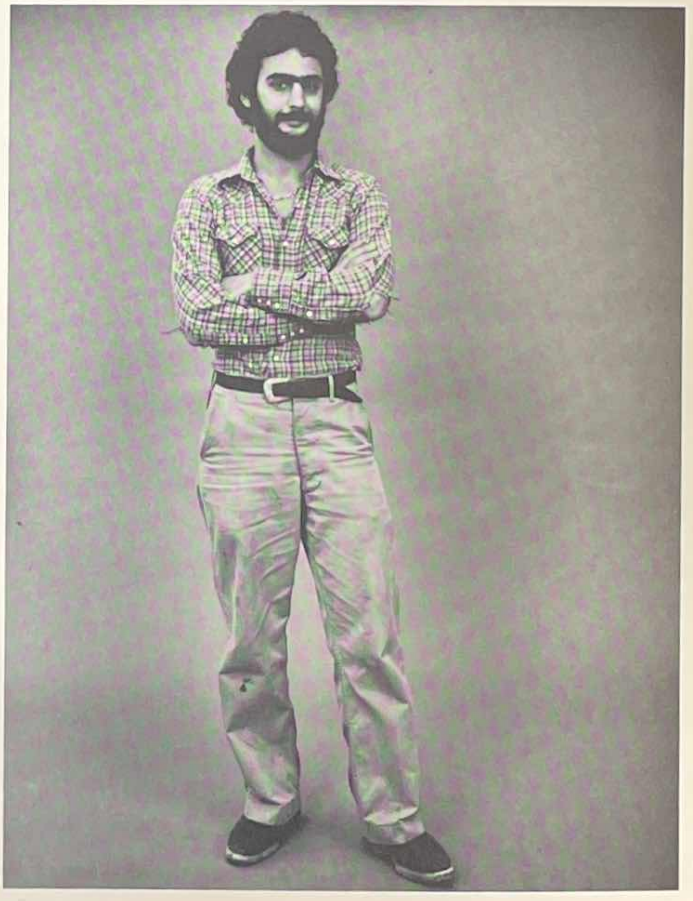


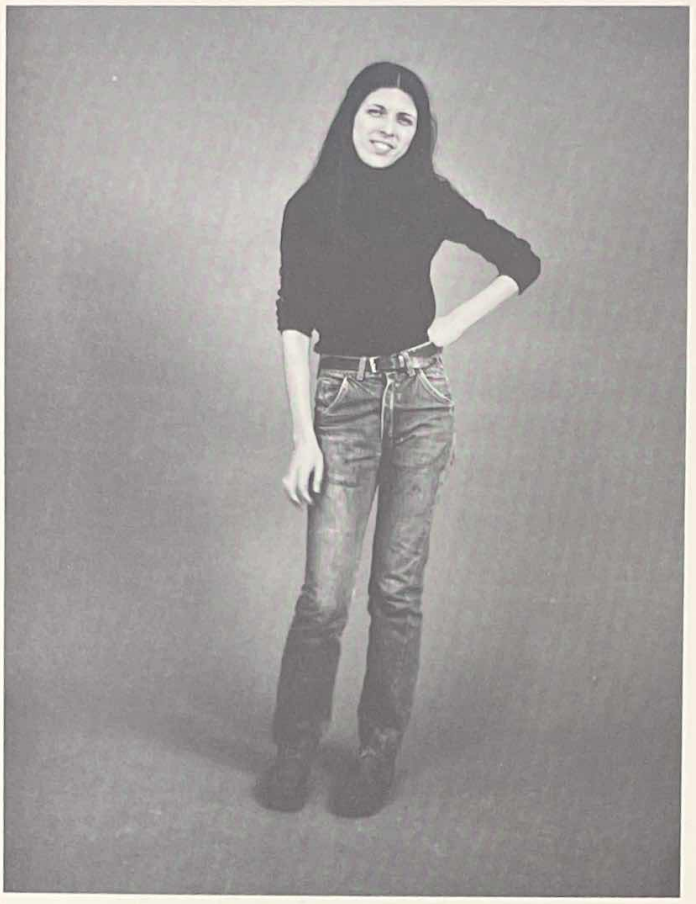


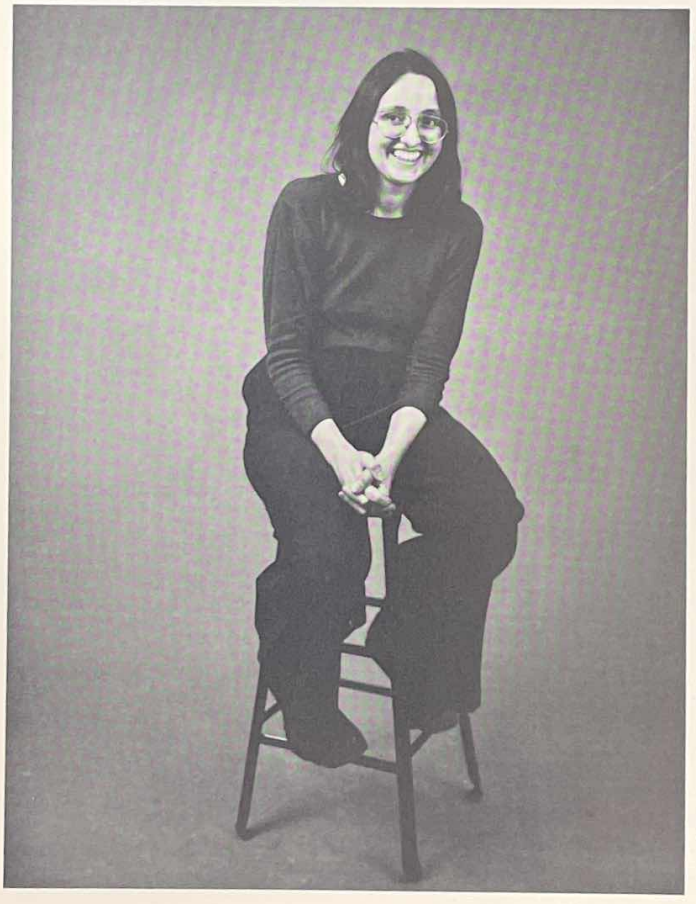


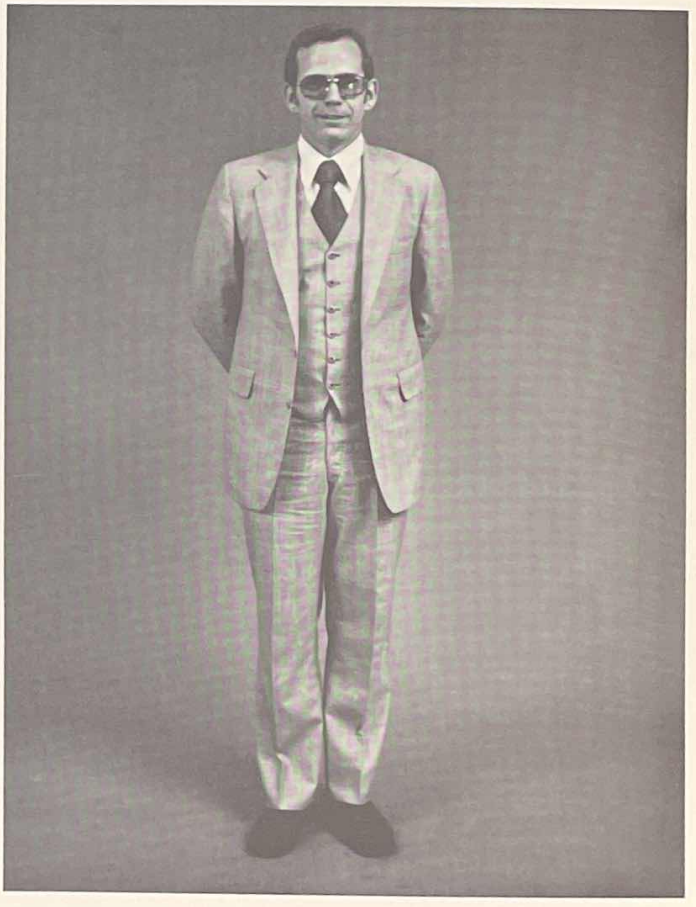


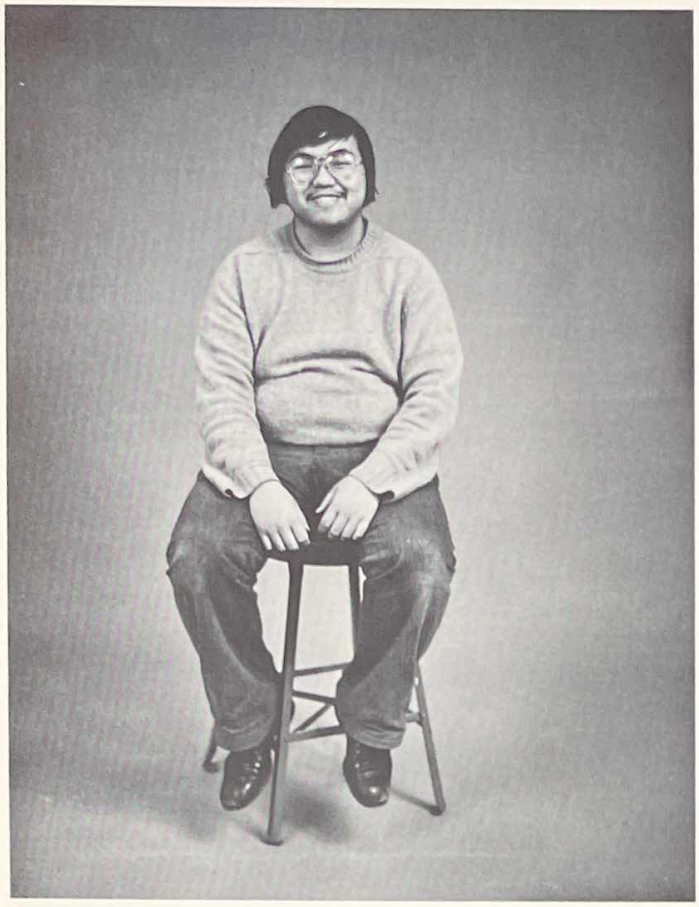


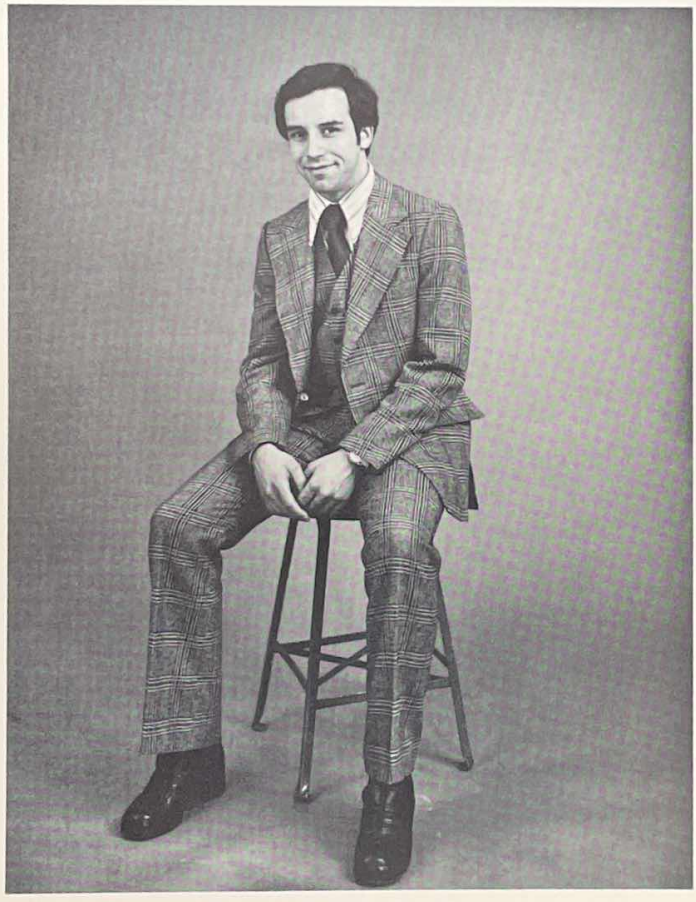


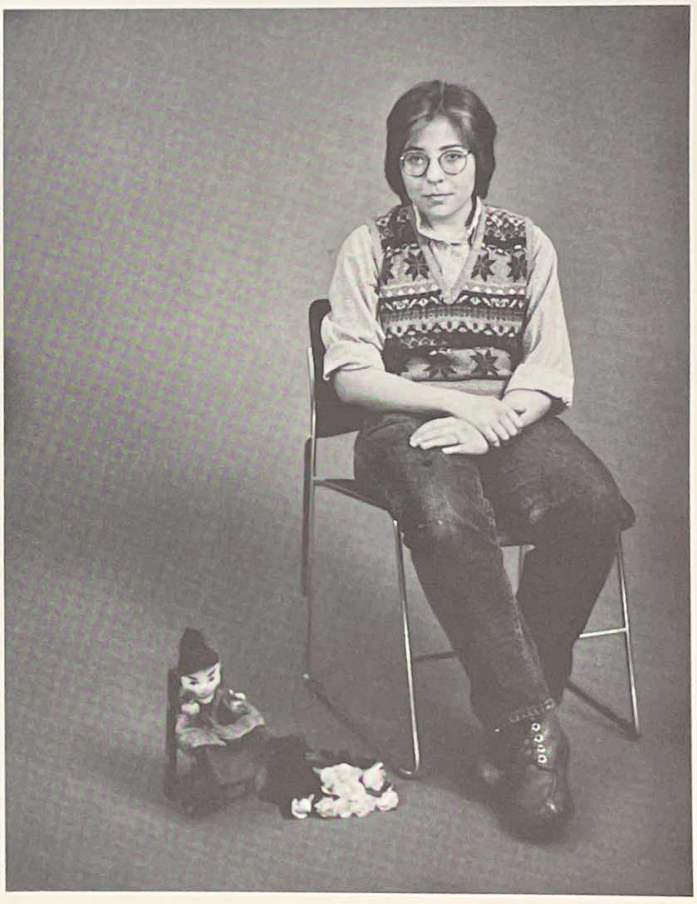




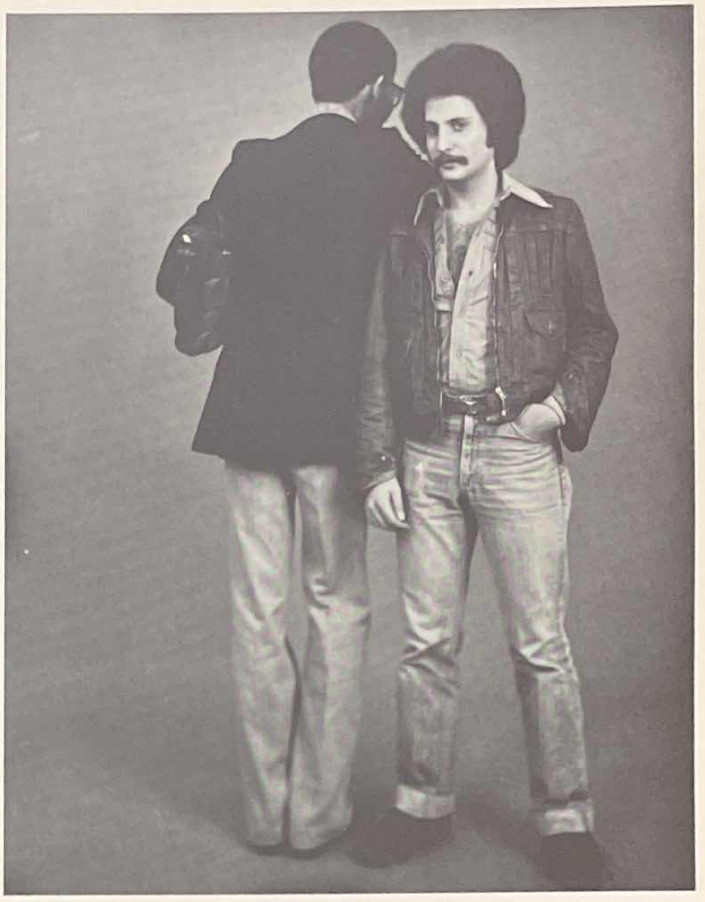


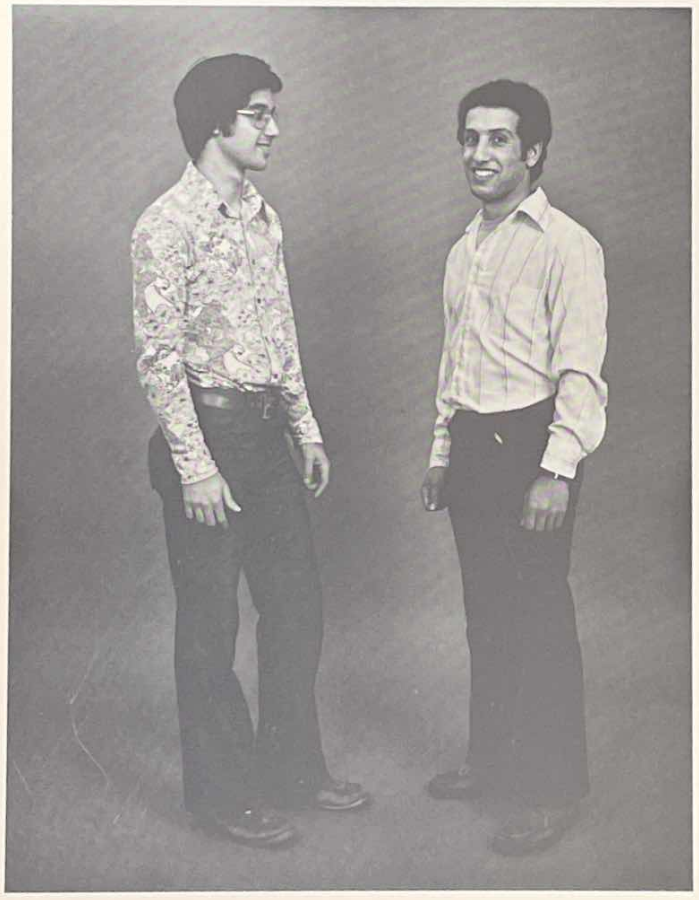


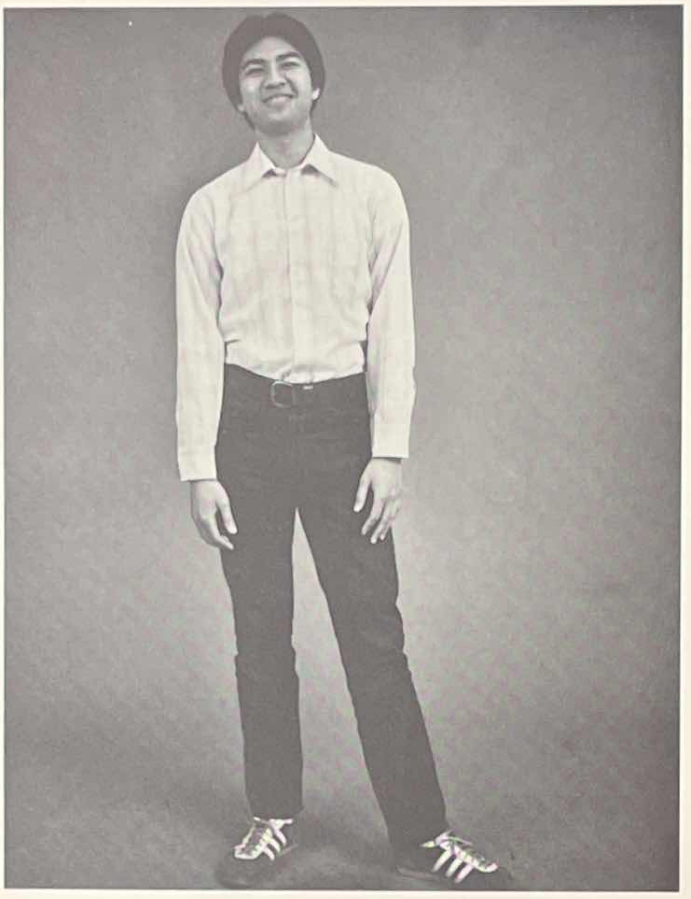


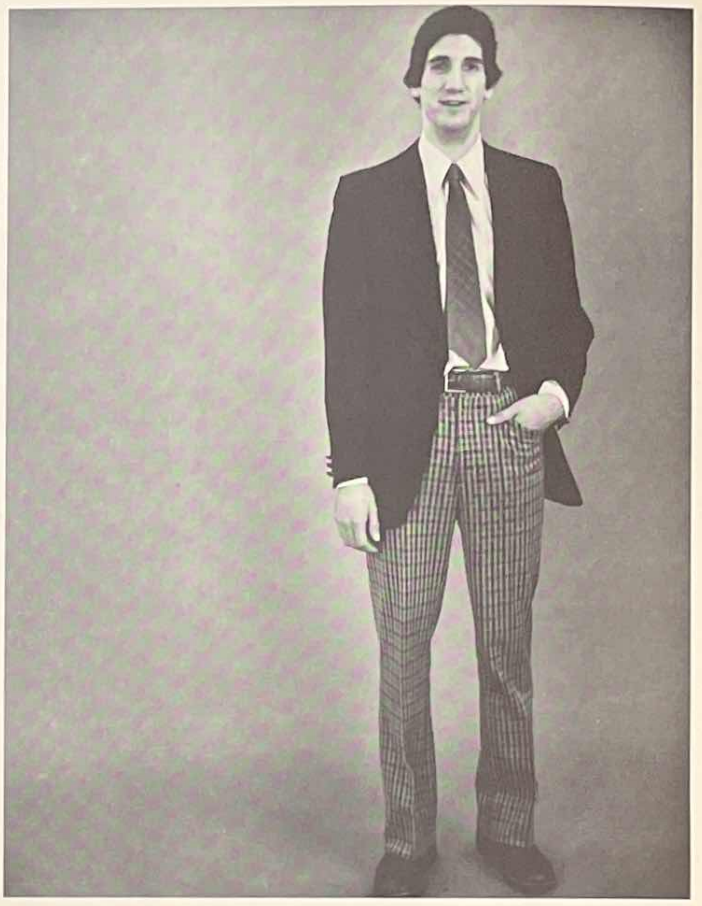


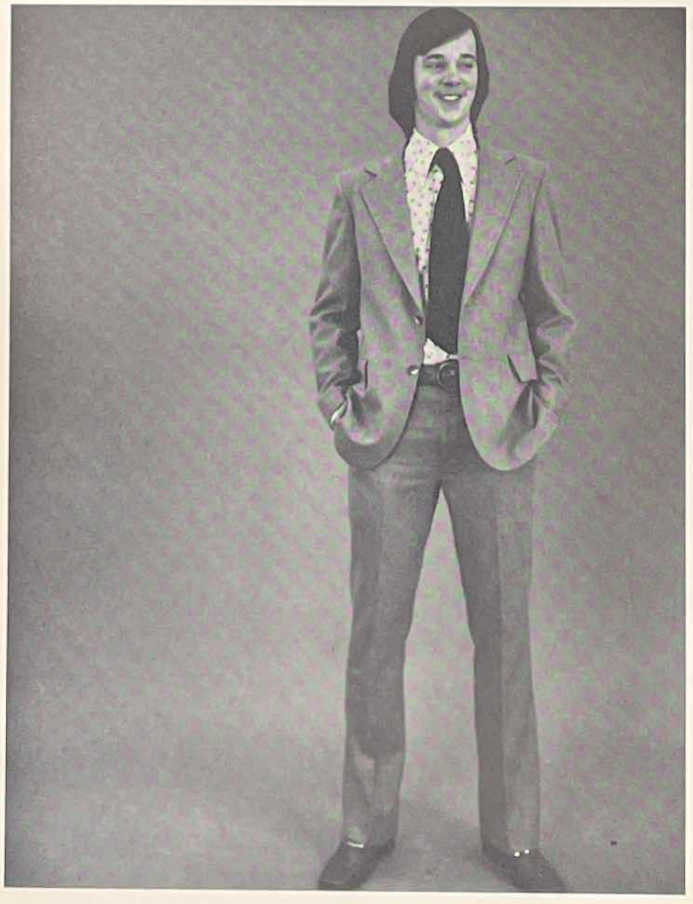
.E.S.
LIN

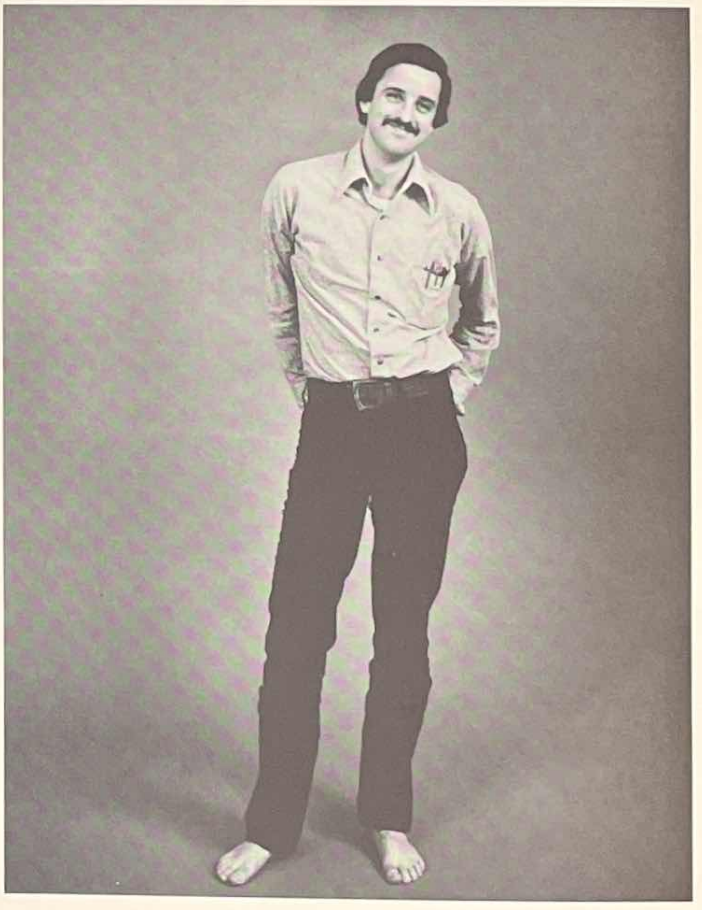




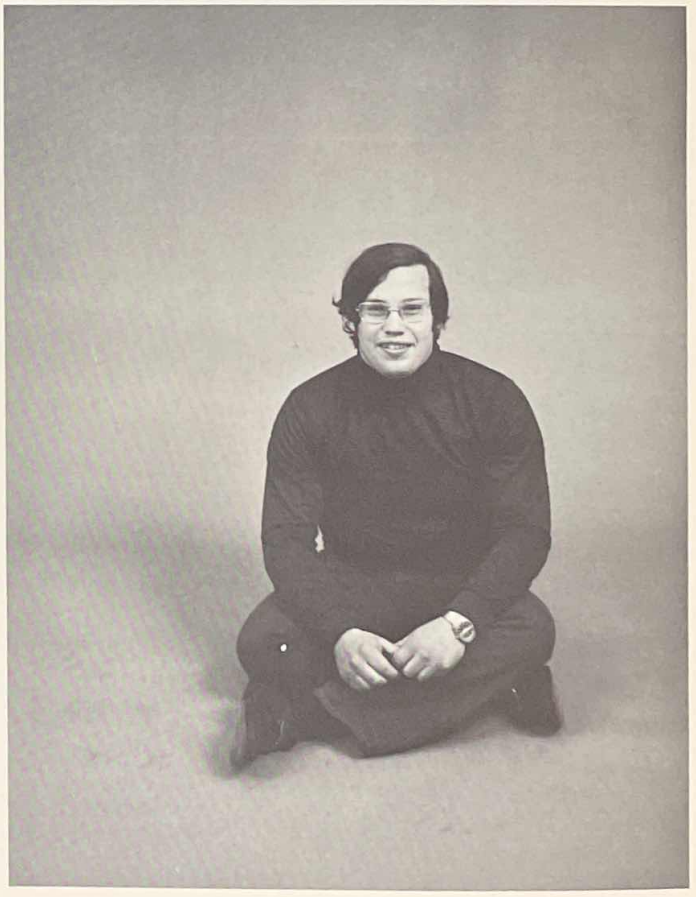


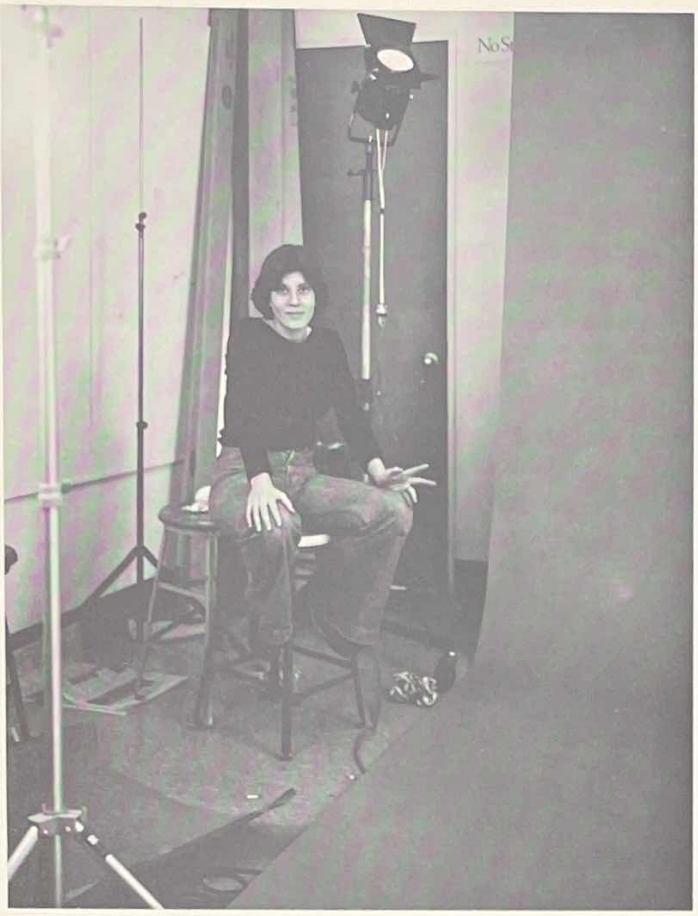


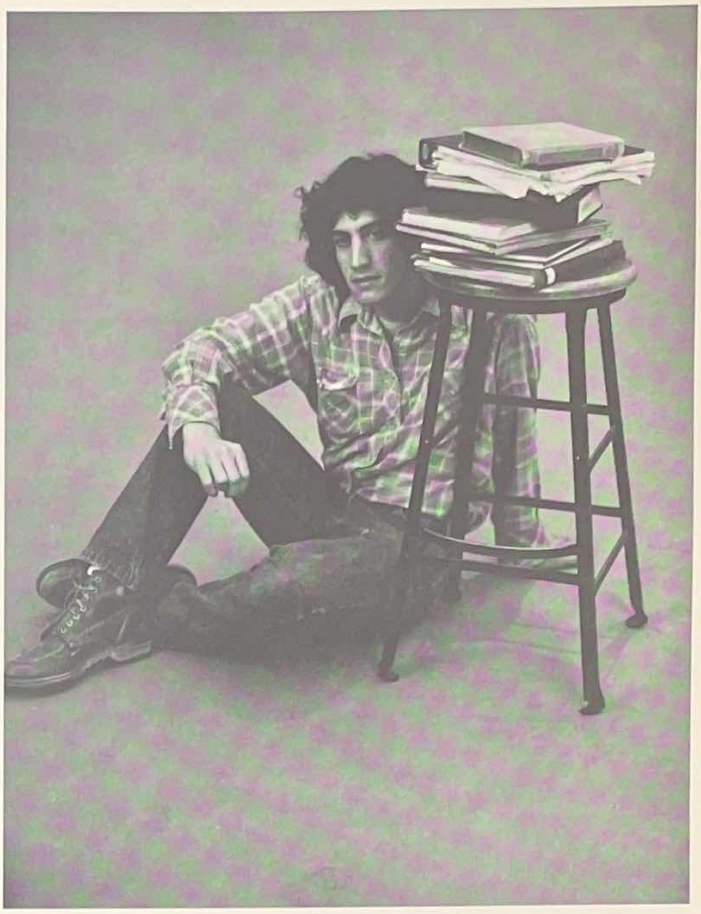


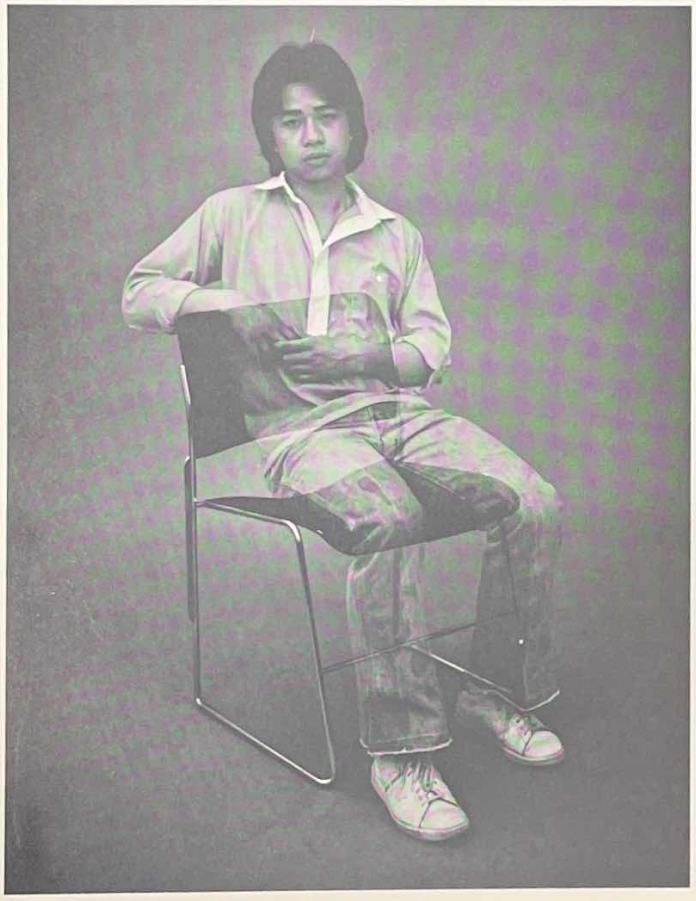


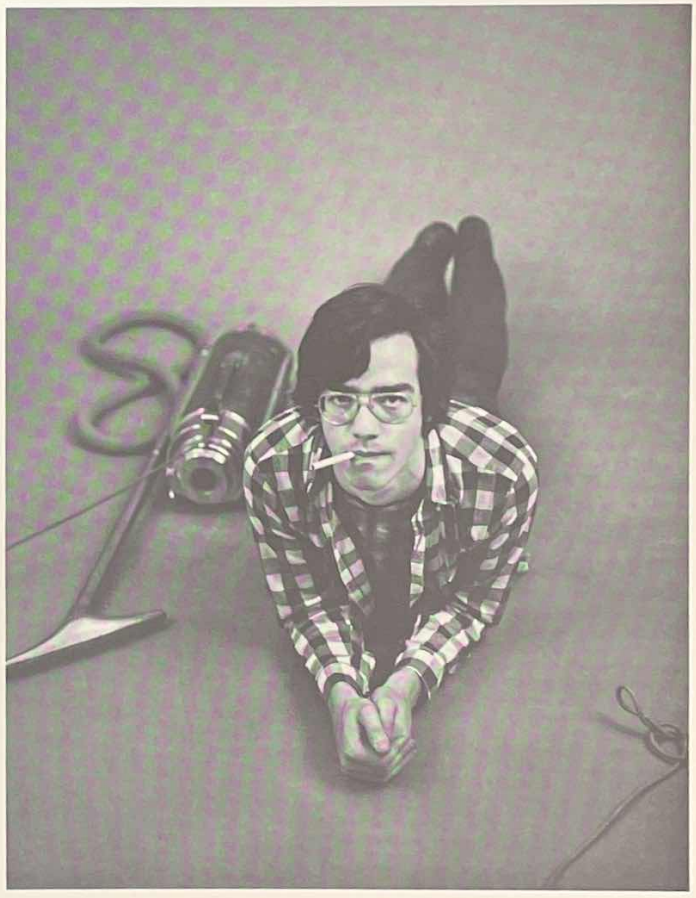
HOOVER

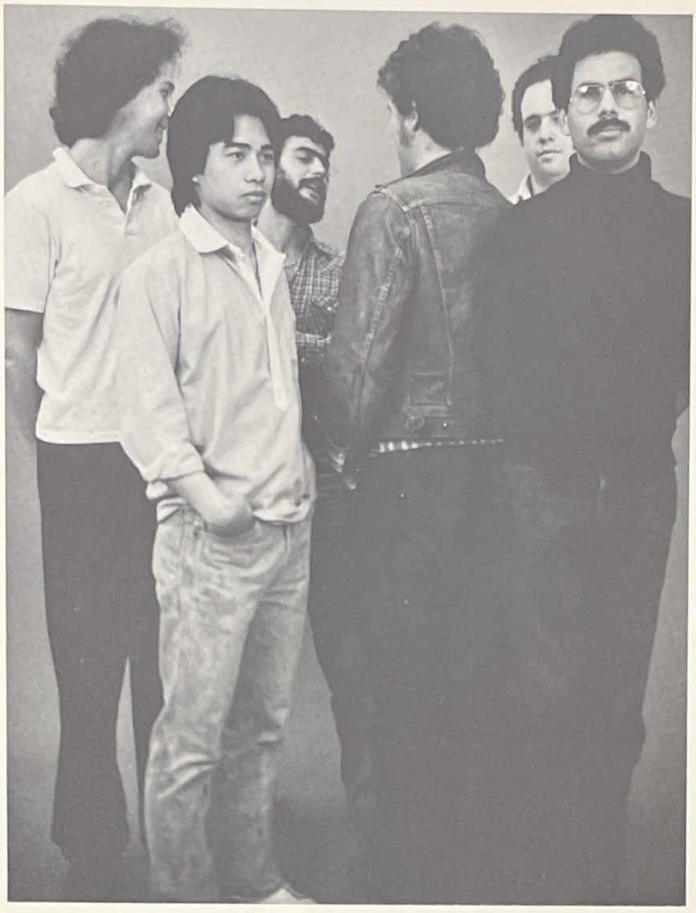




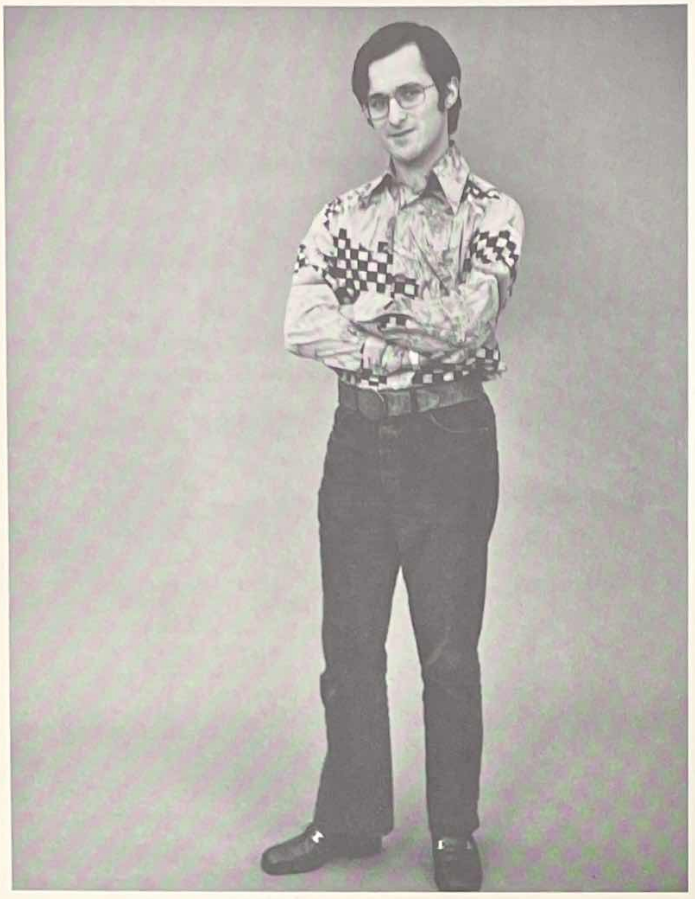


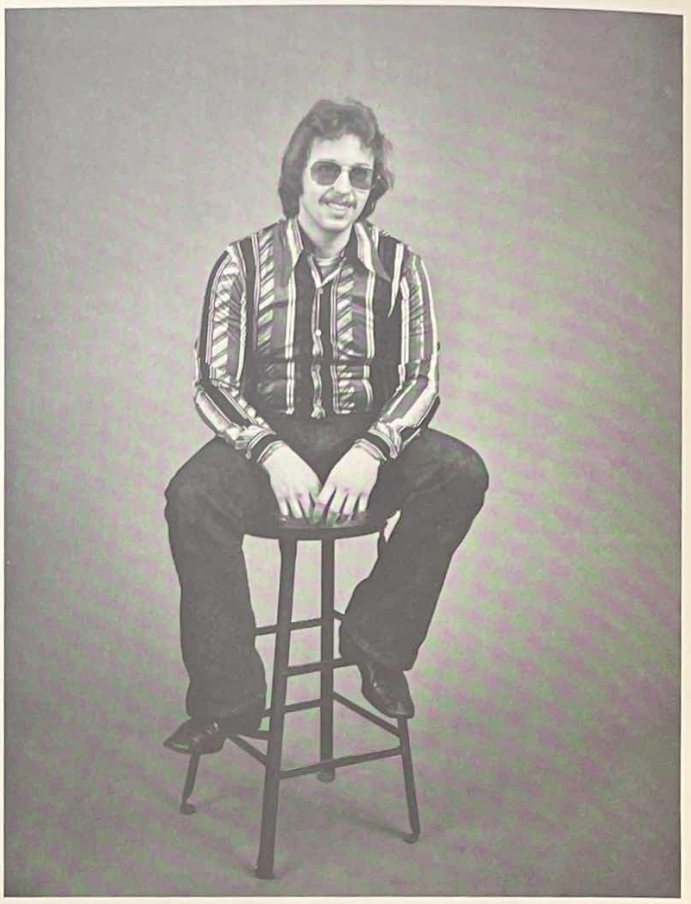


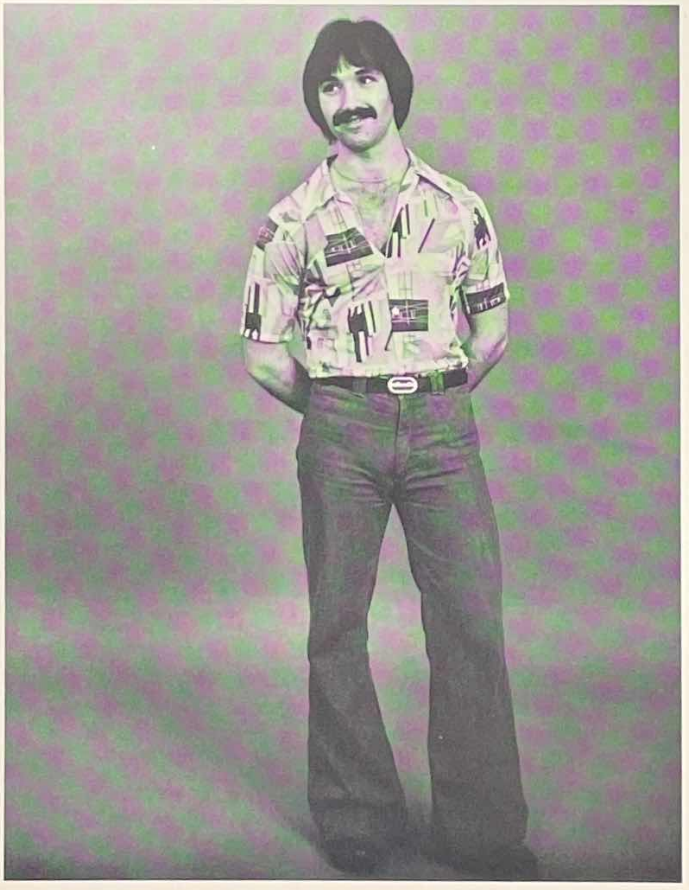


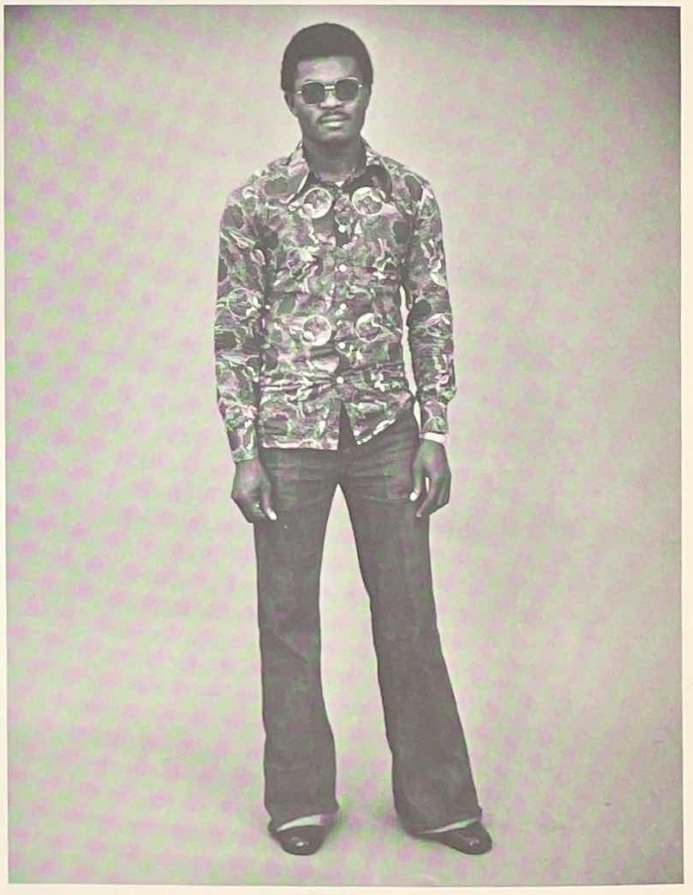


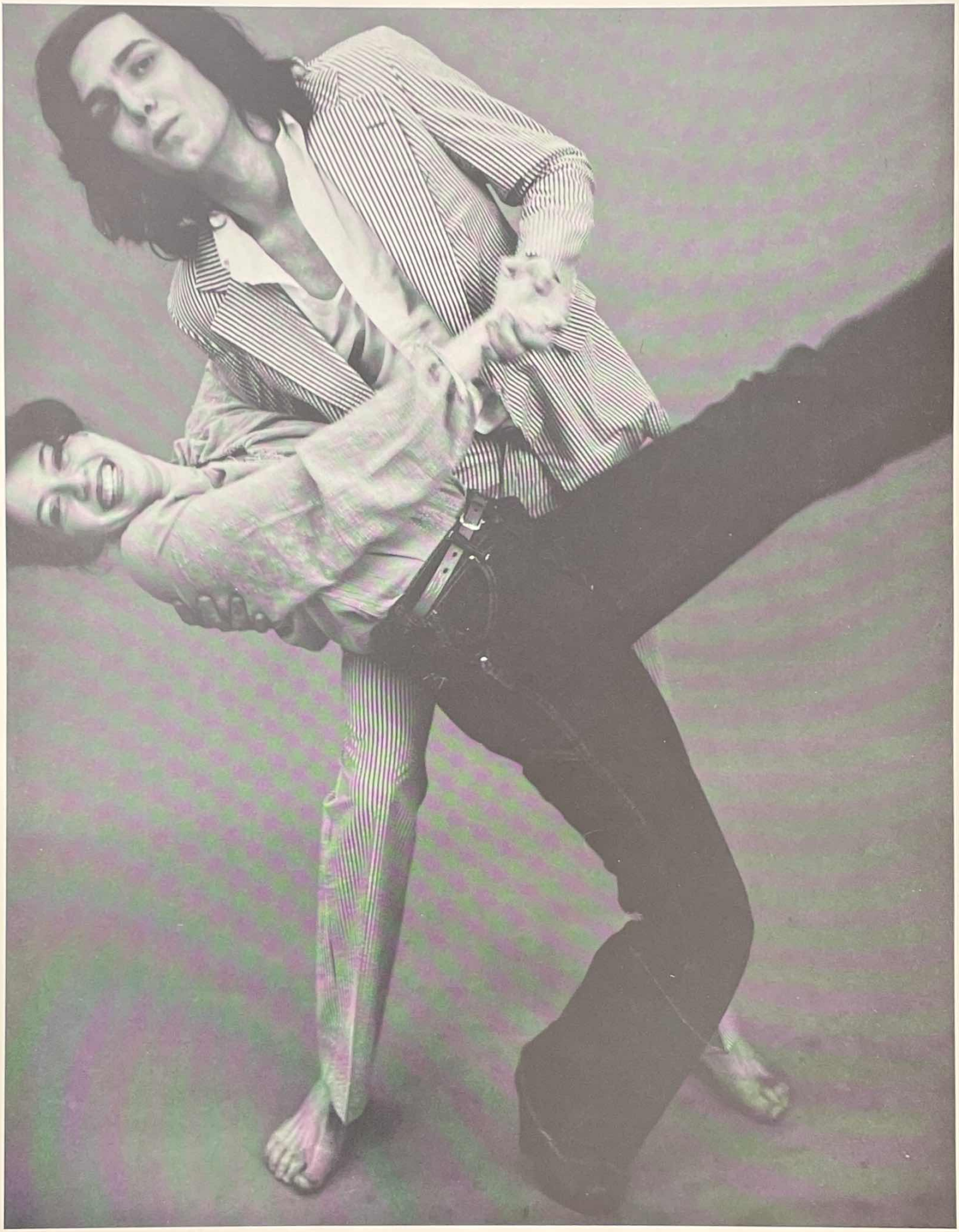
Budweiser

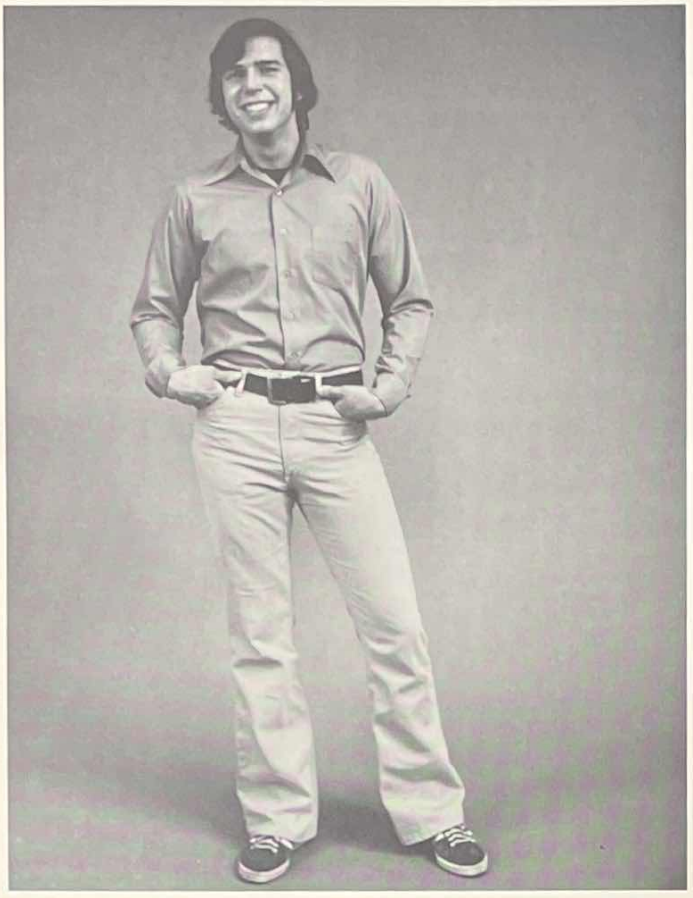


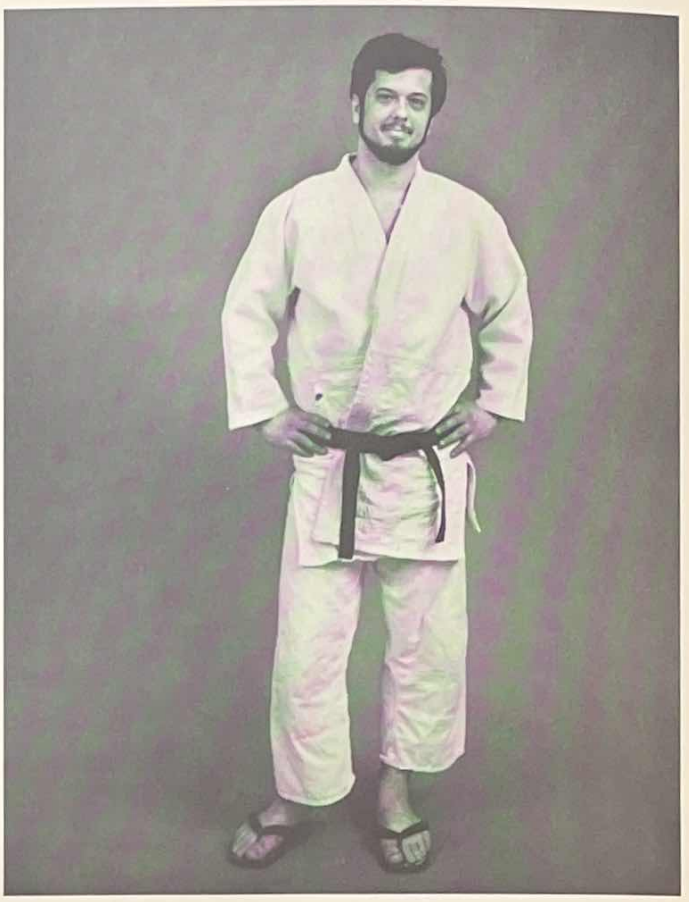


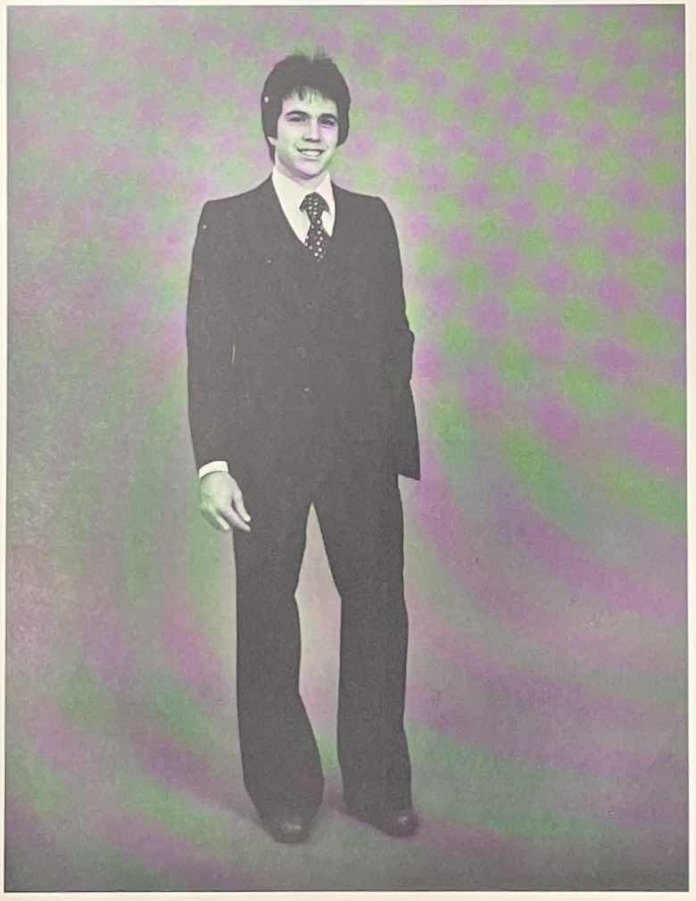


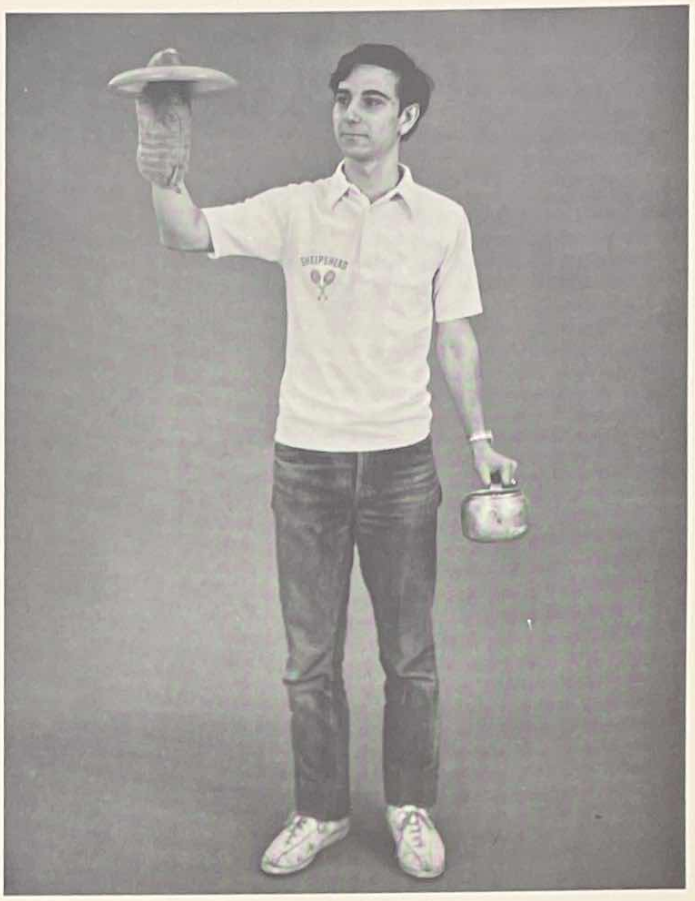


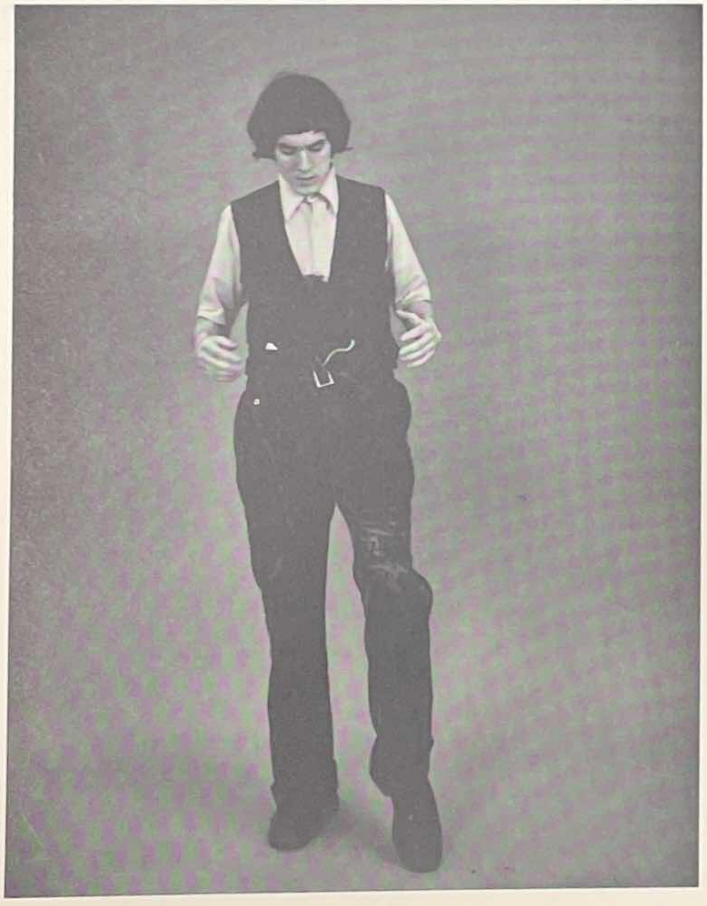


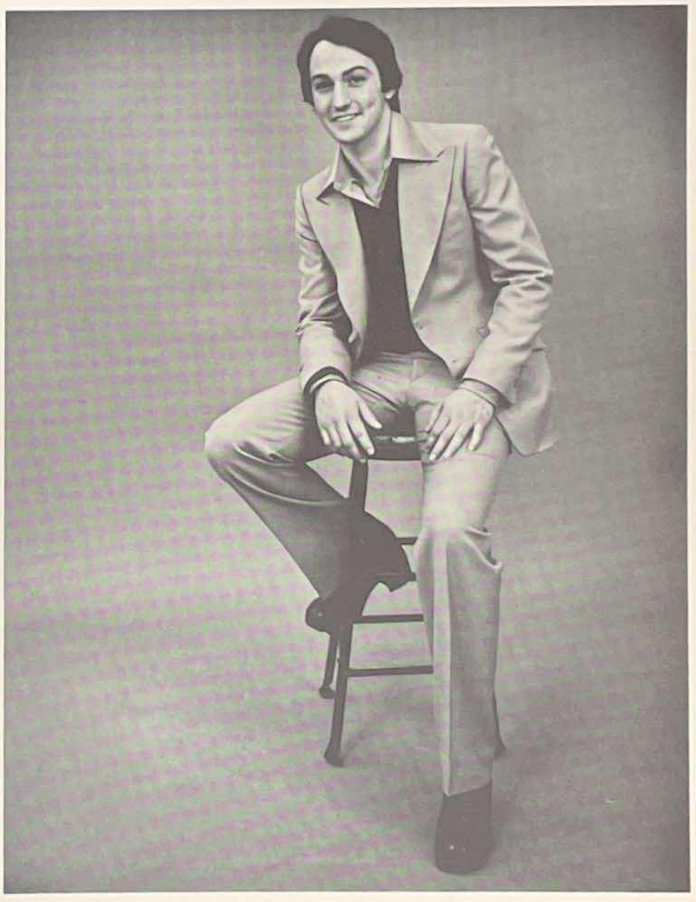


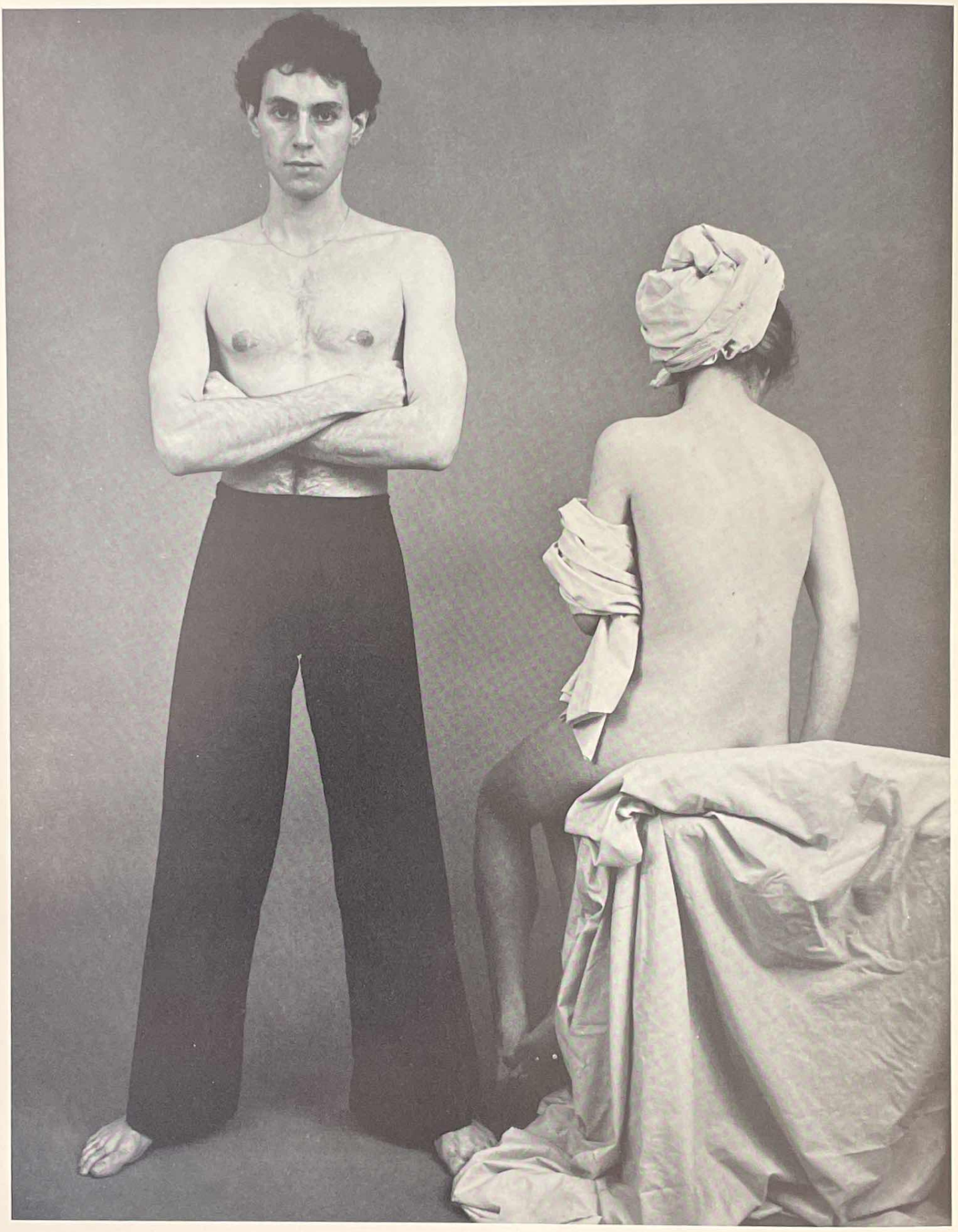


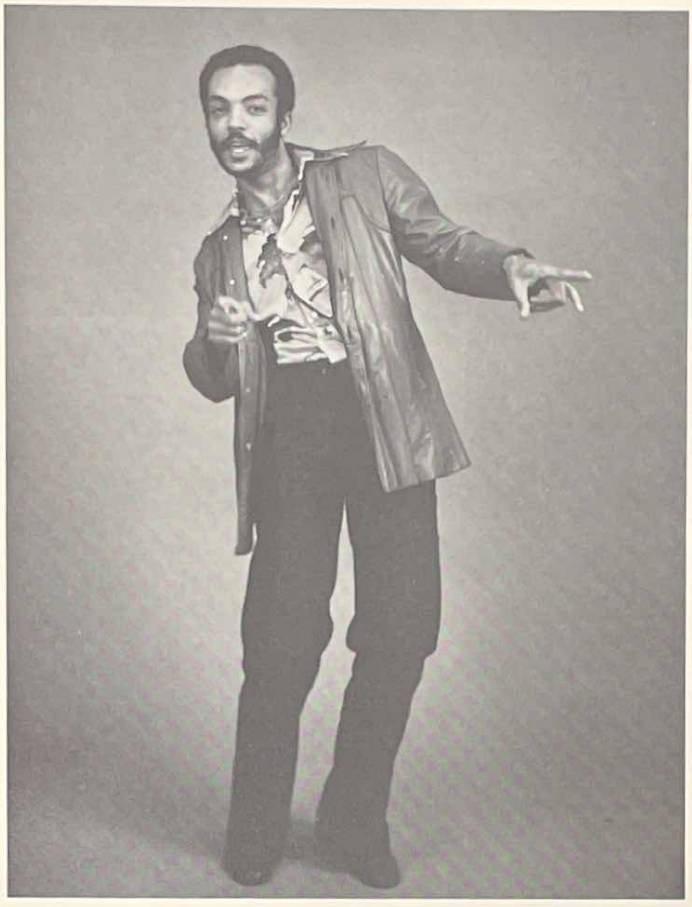


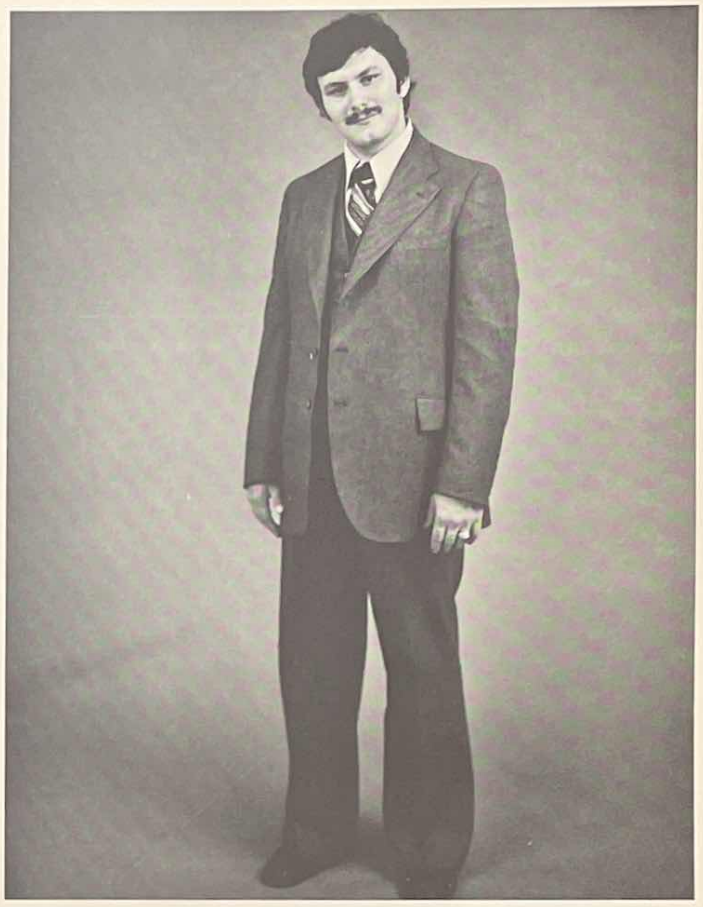


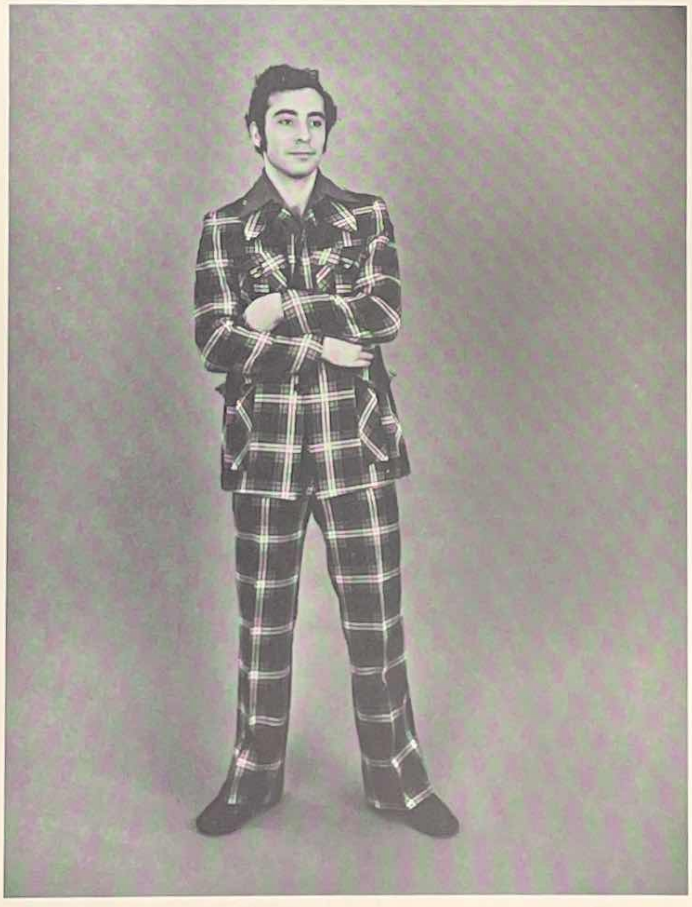


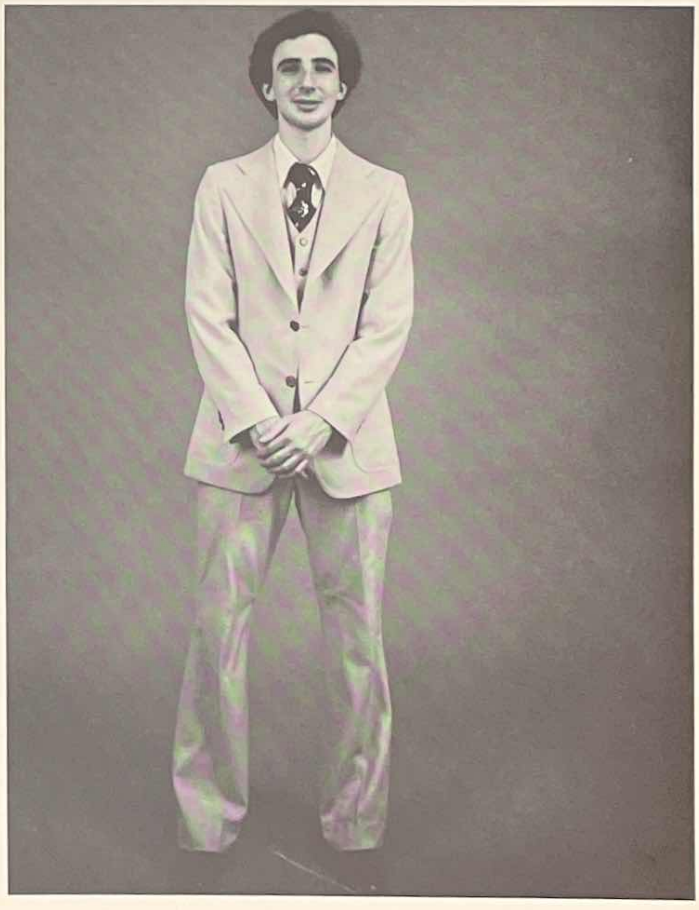


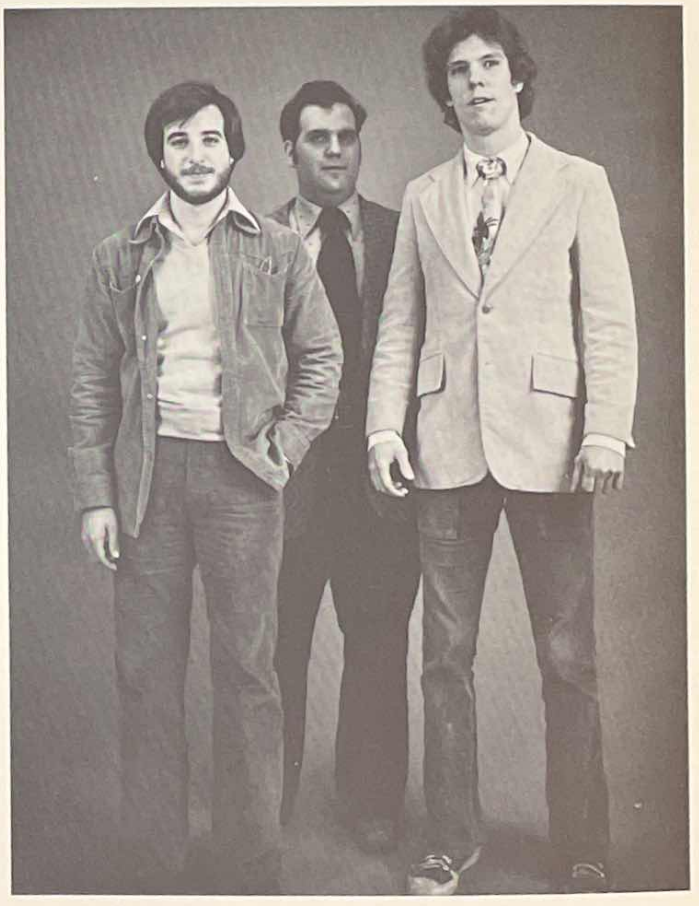


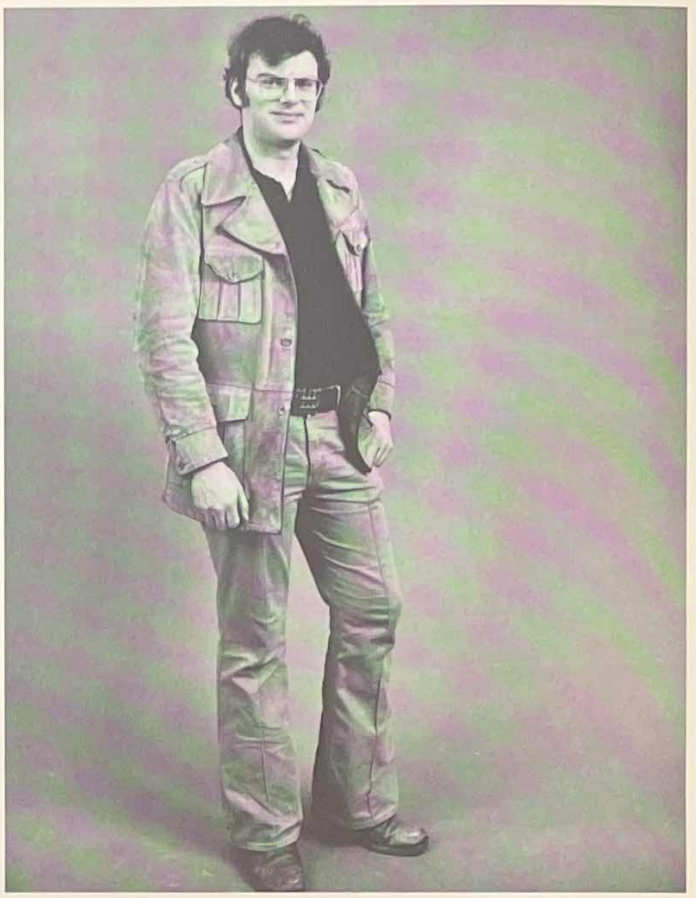


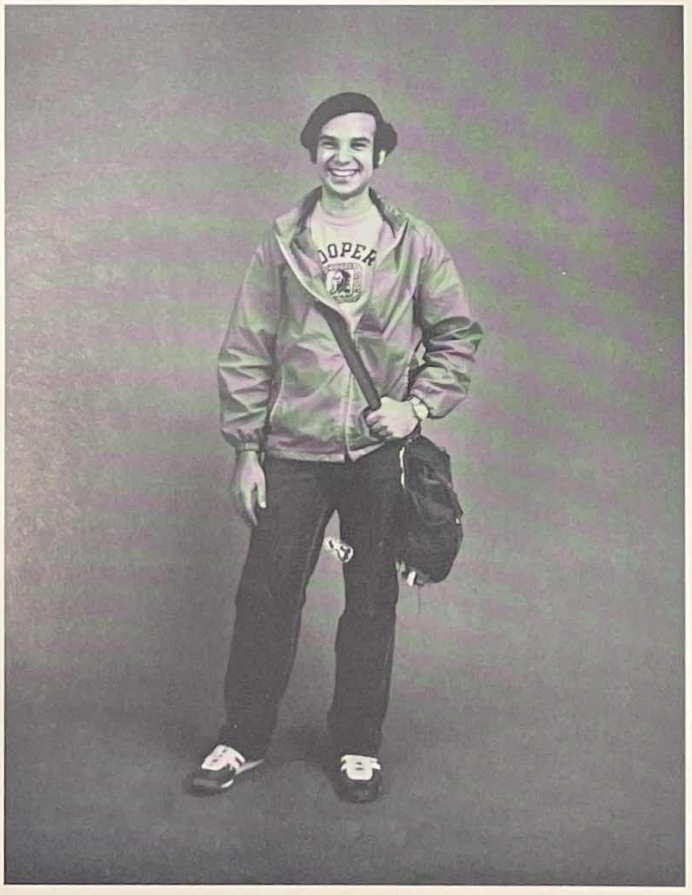


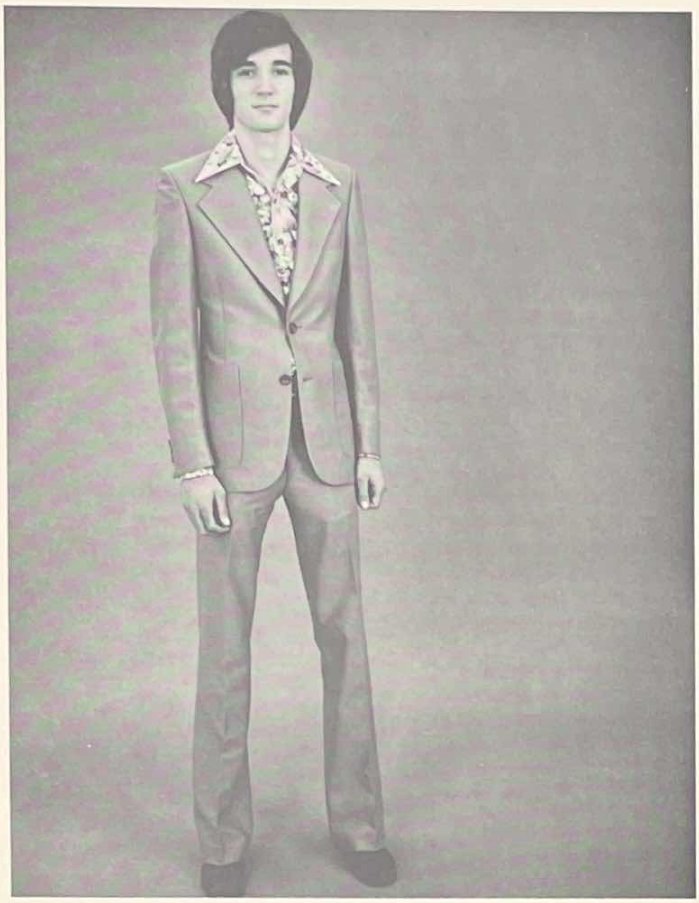


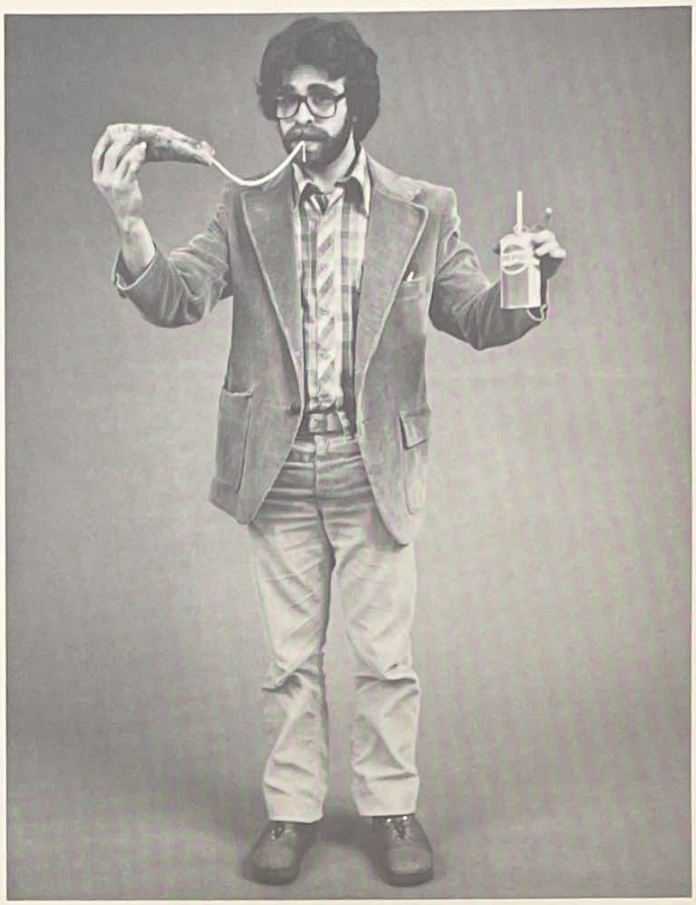


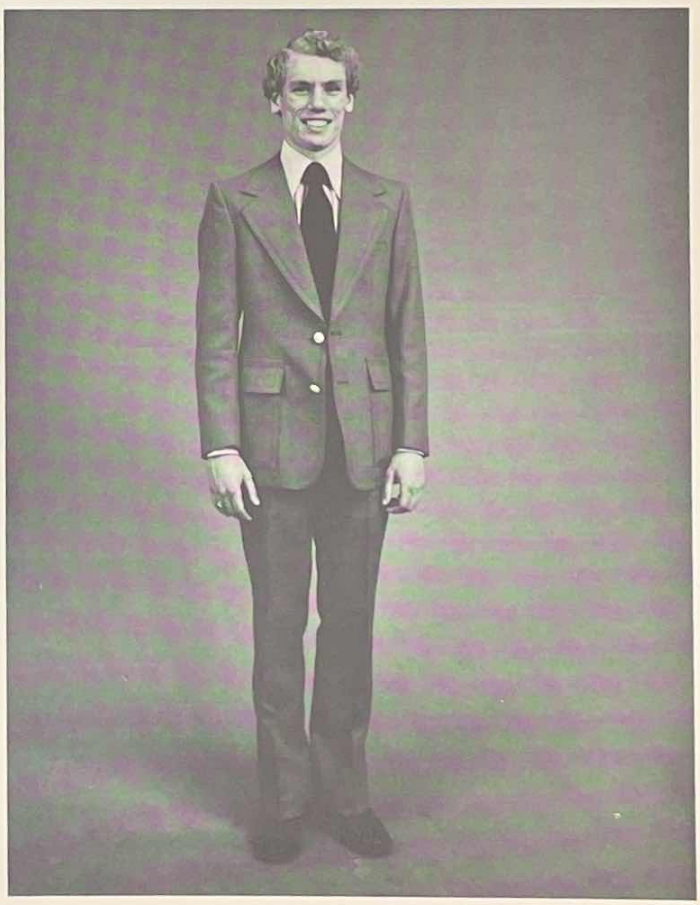


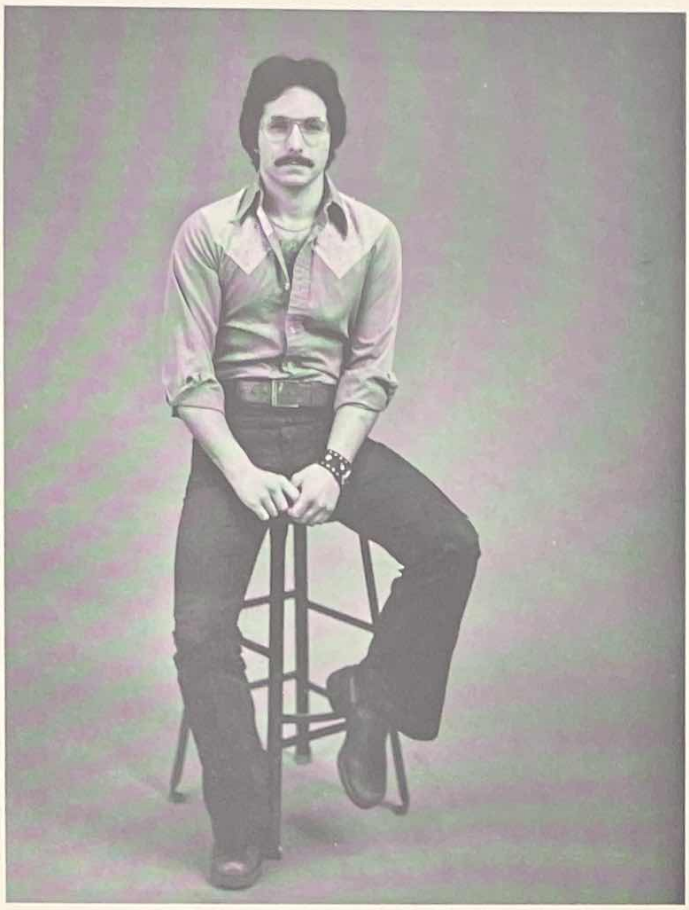


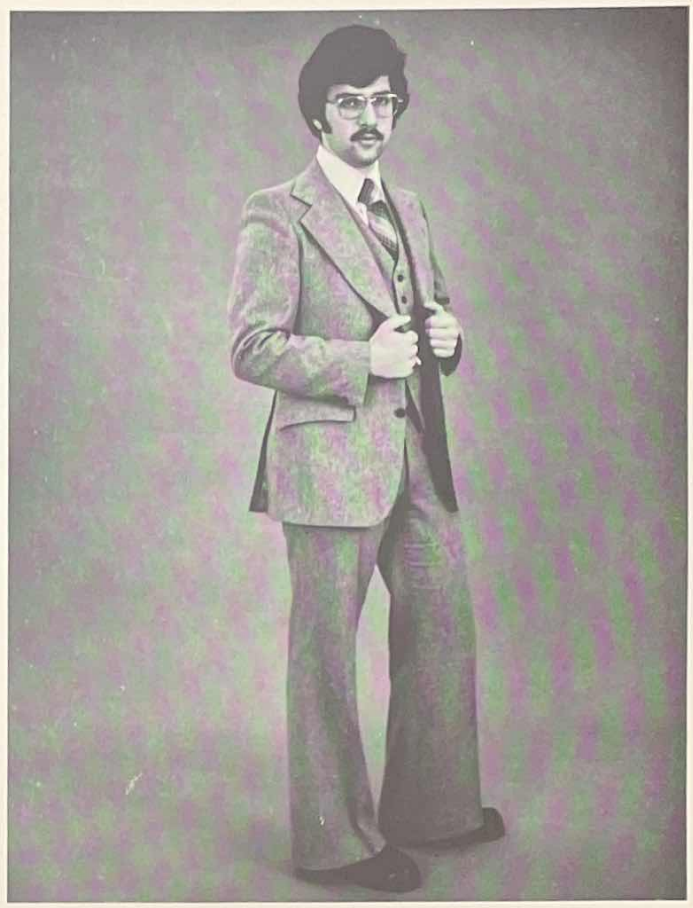

OOPER

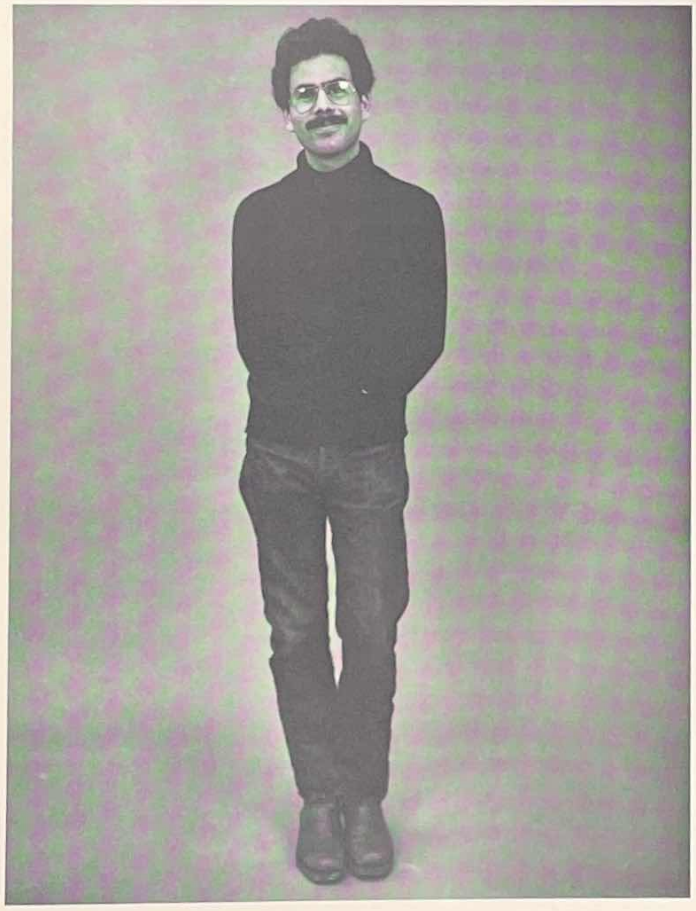


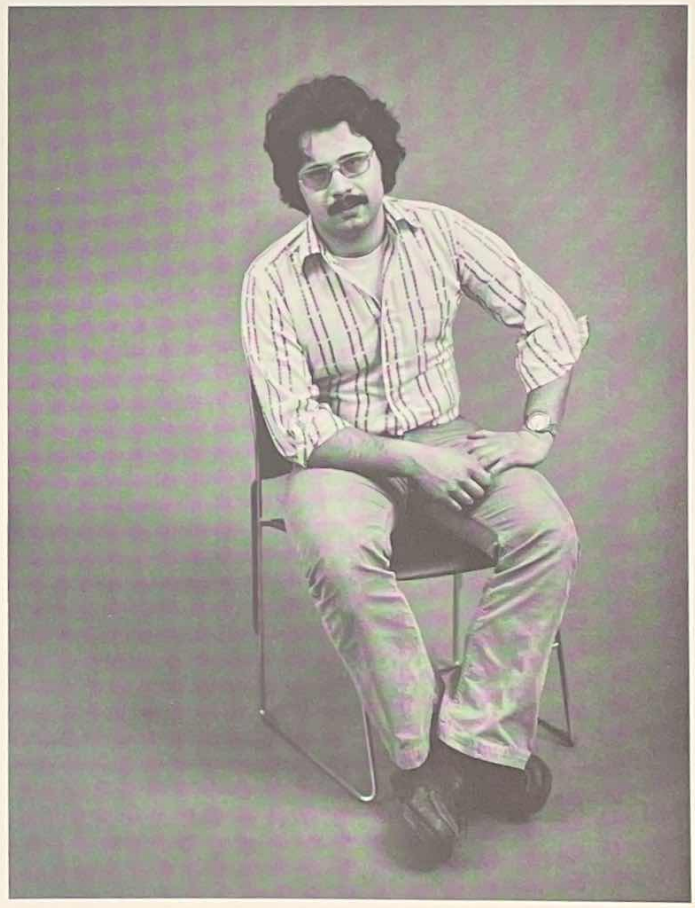


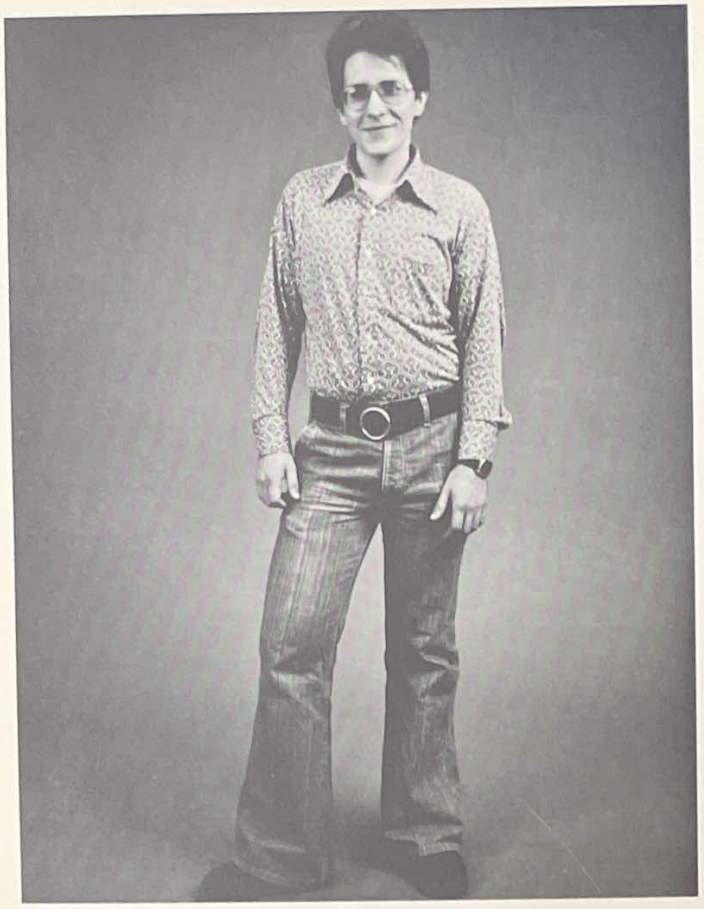


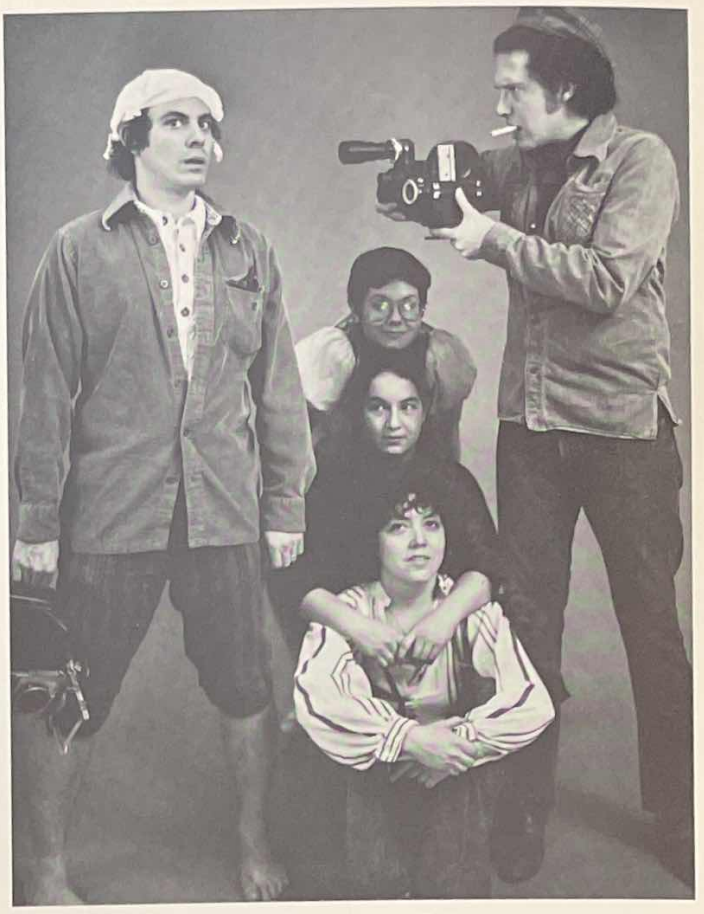


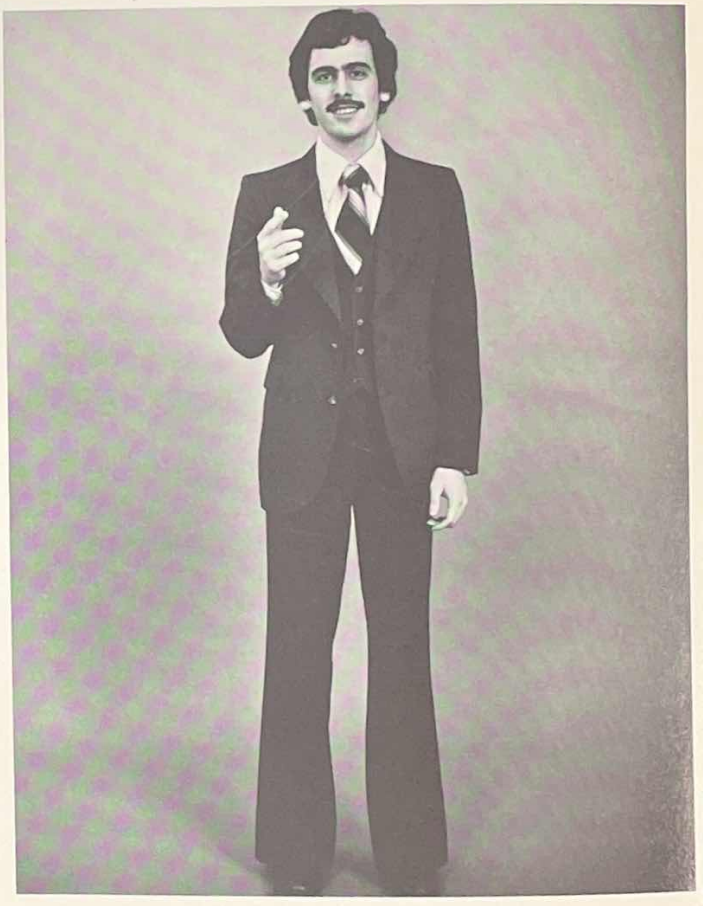


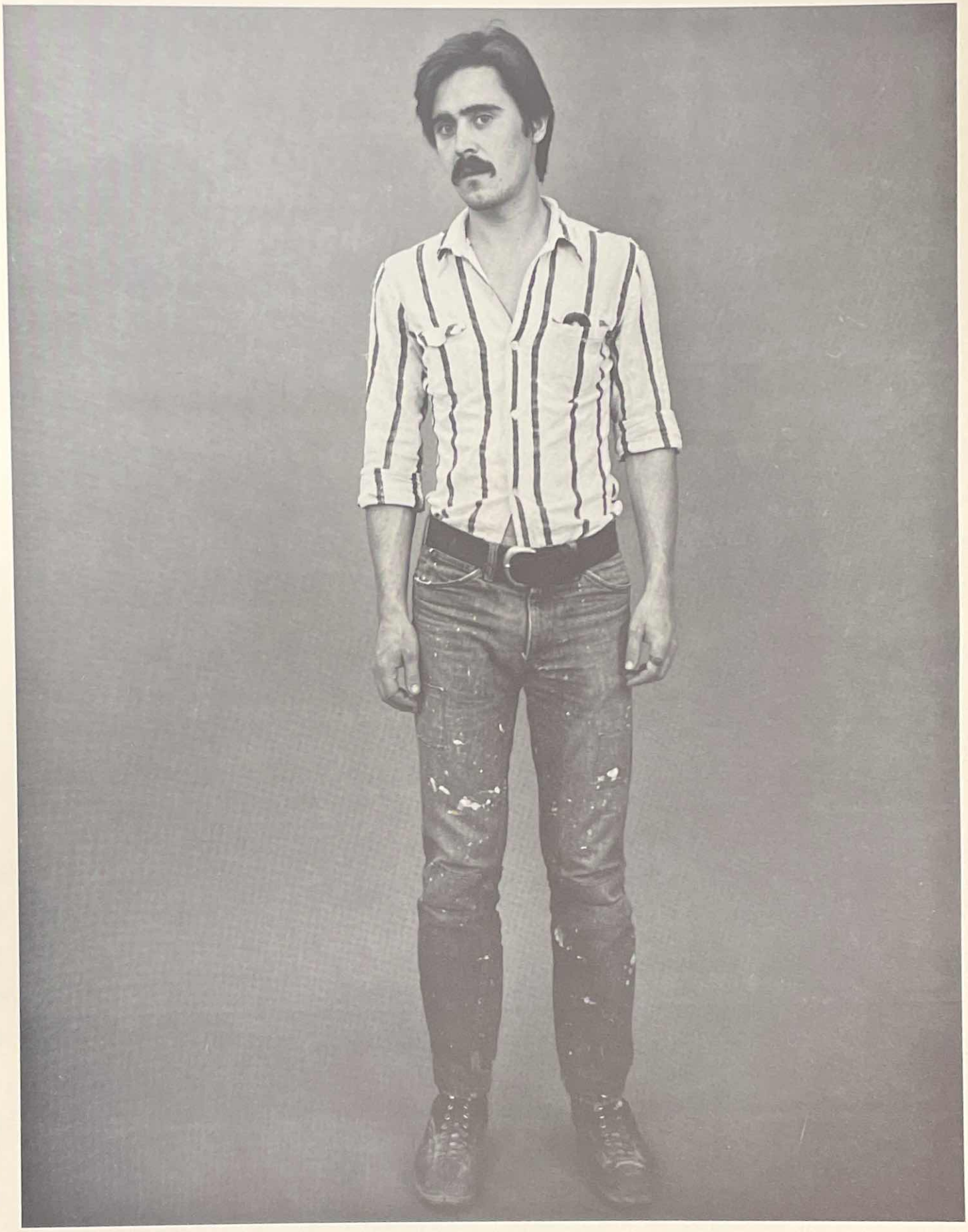


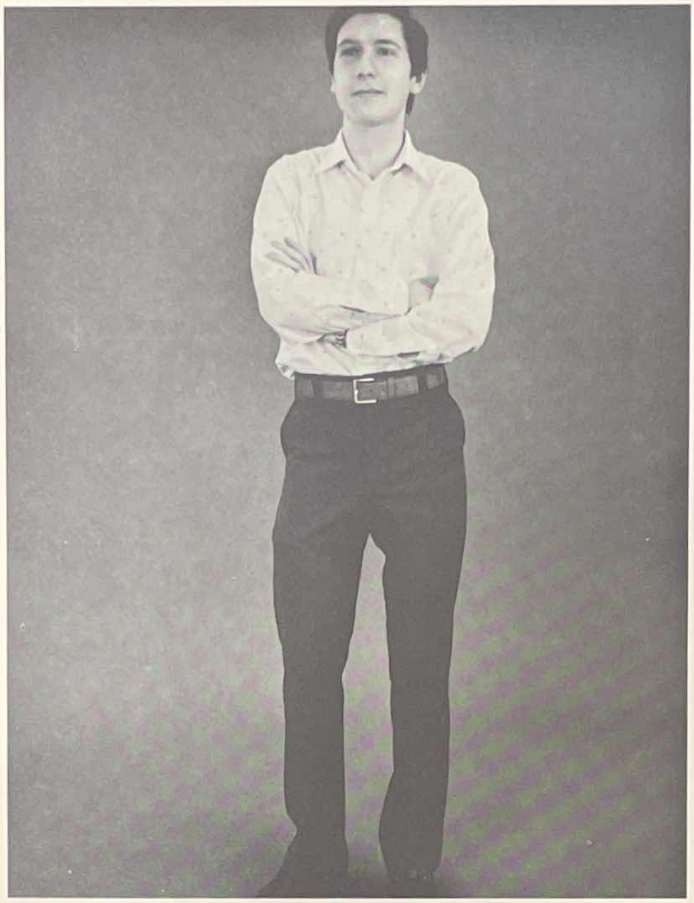


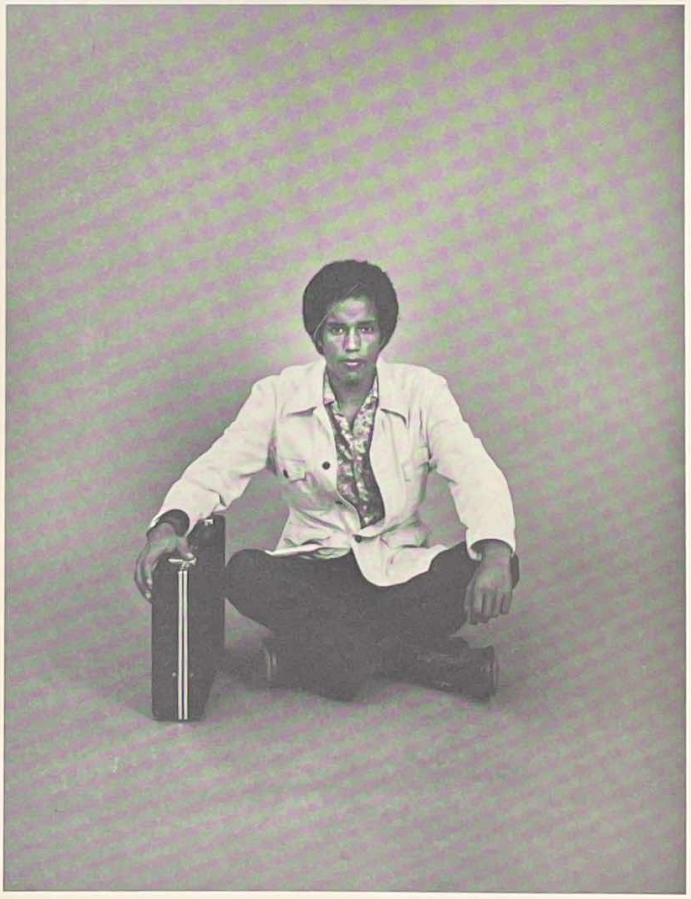


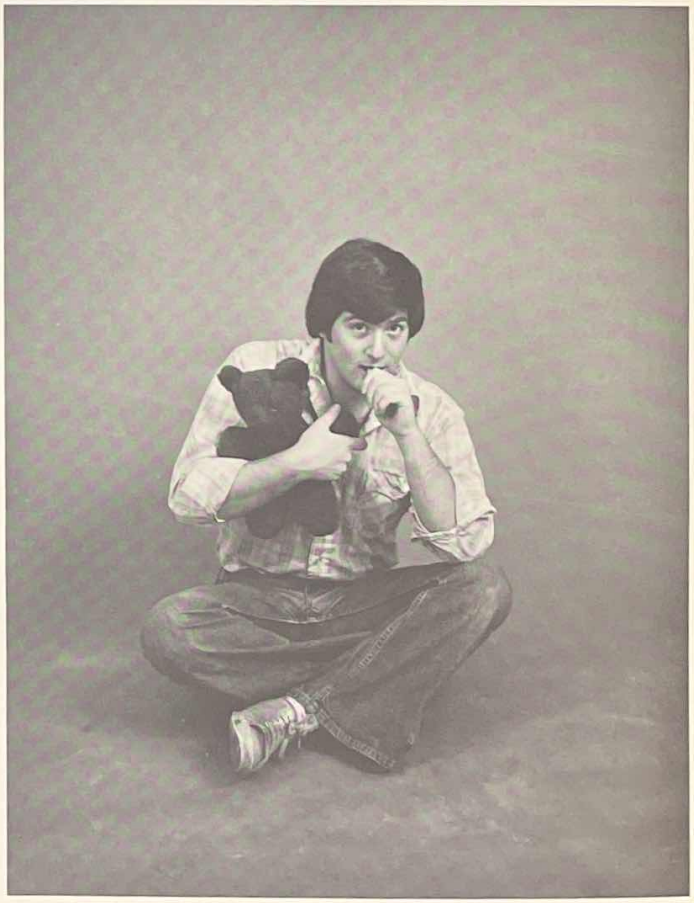


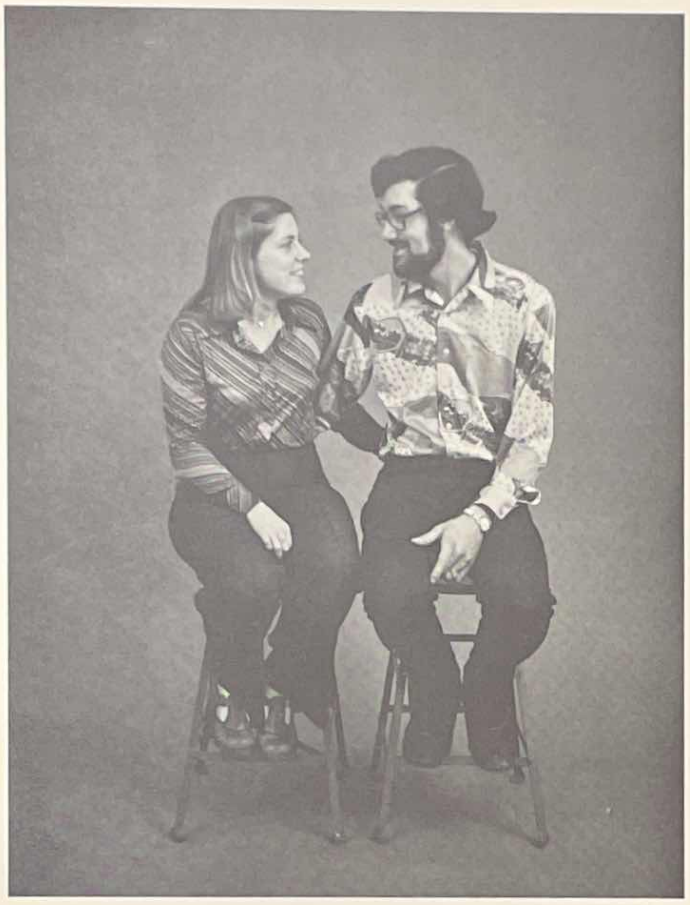




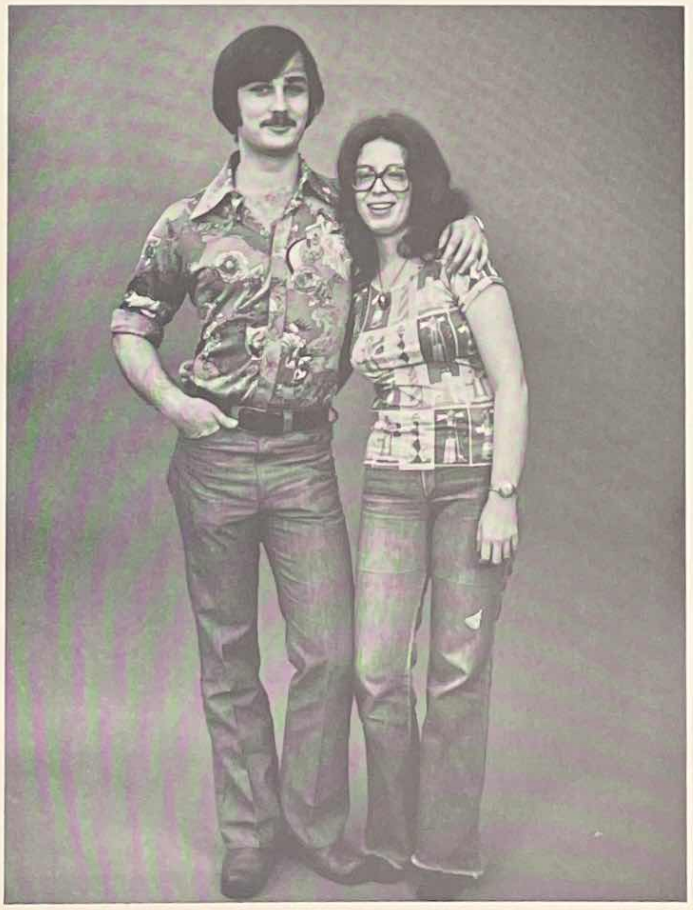


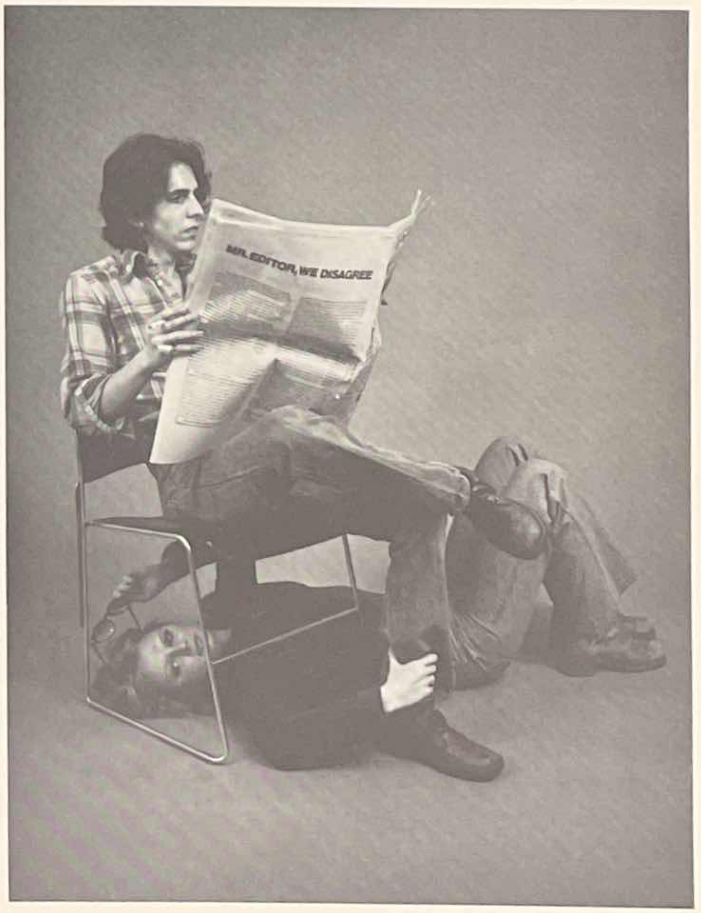




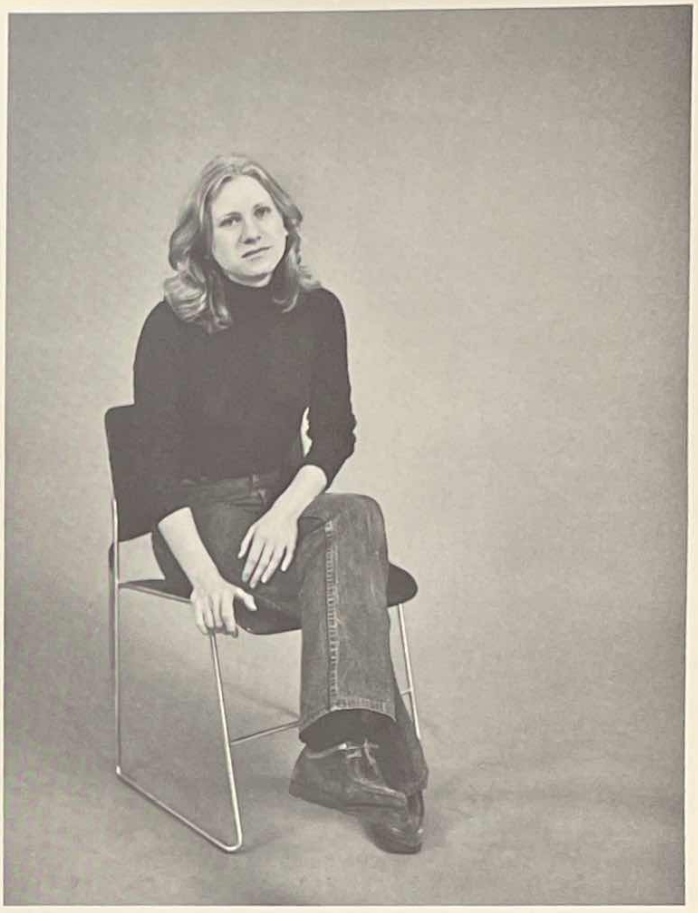


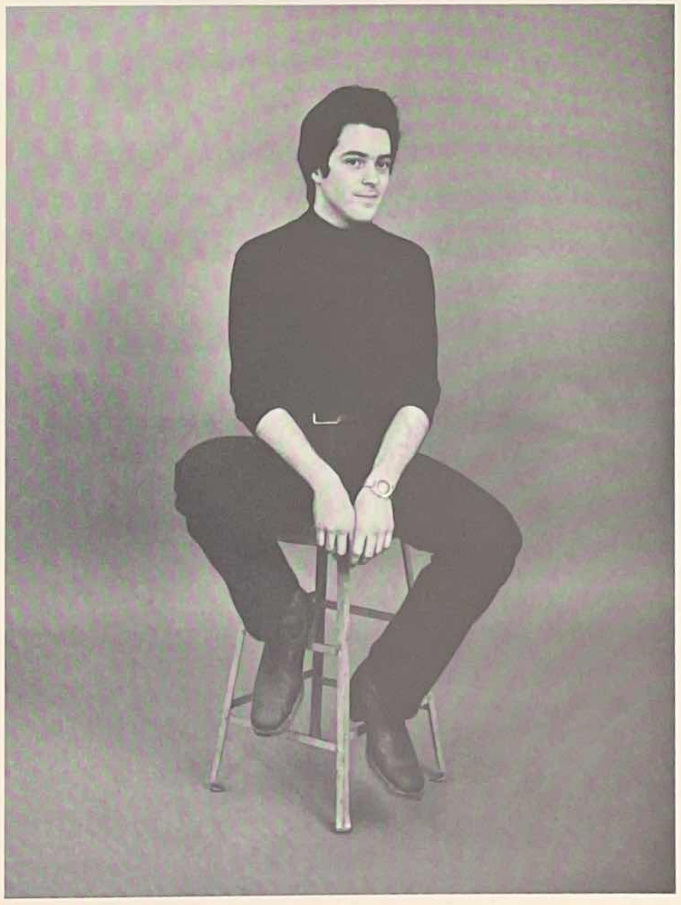
Ms.

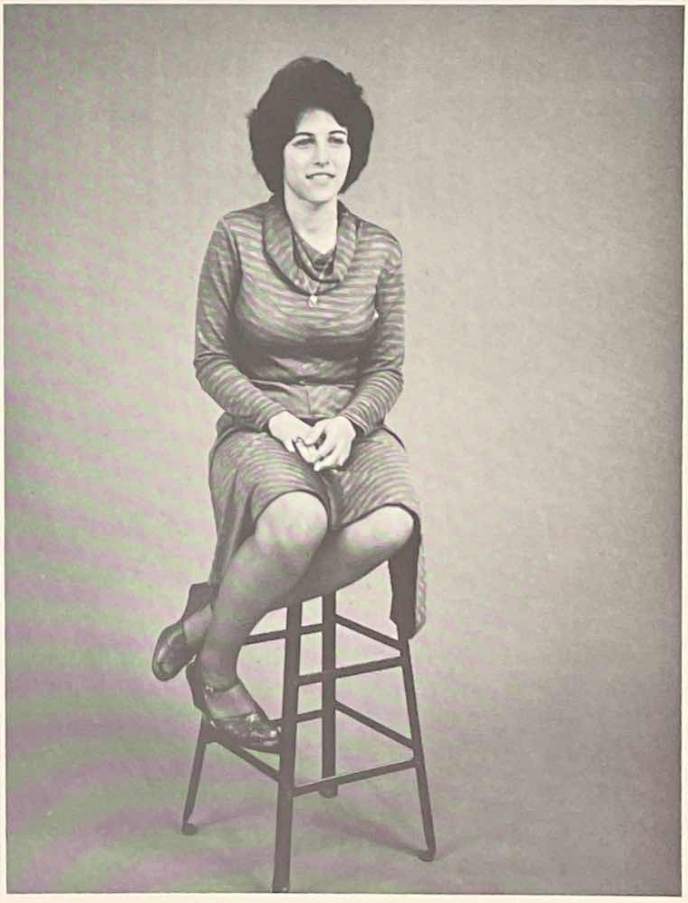


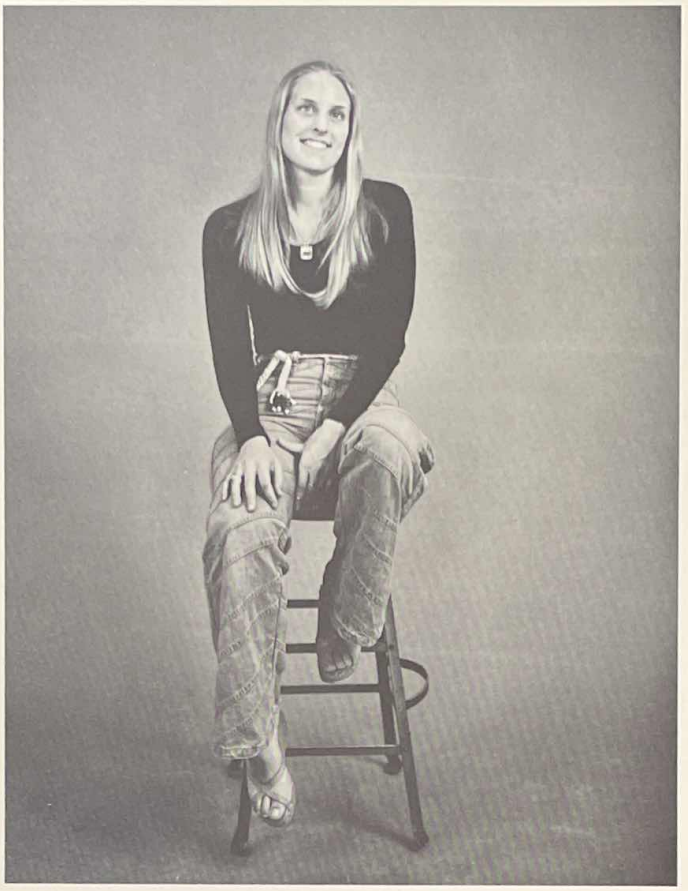

MR. EDITOR, WE DISAGREE

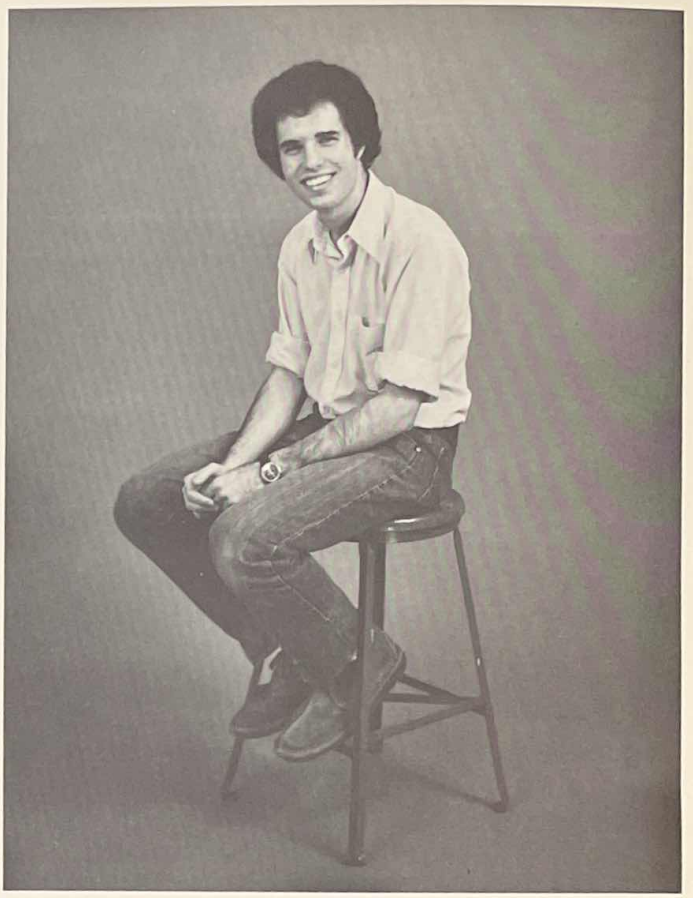
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

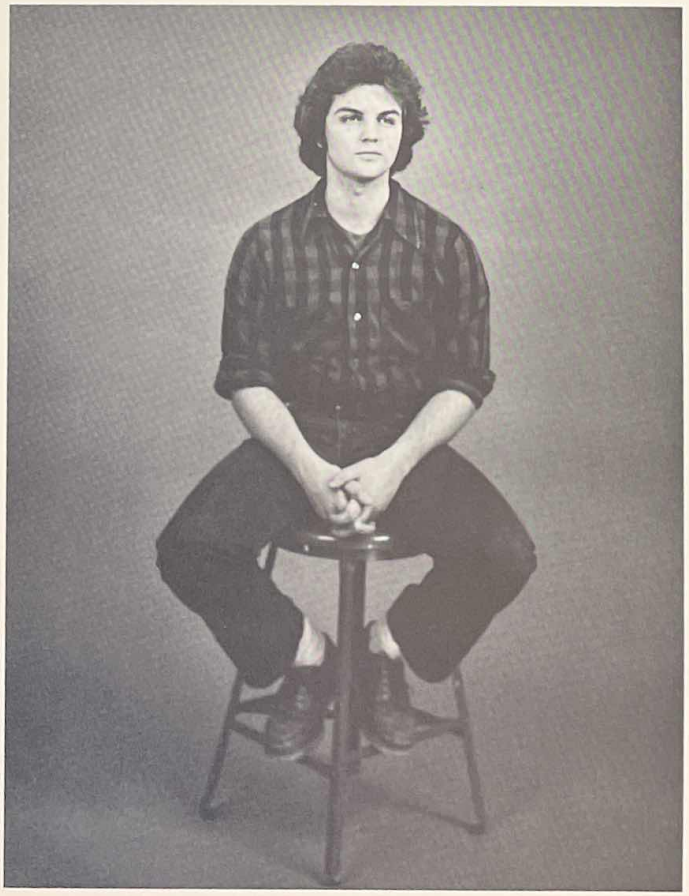


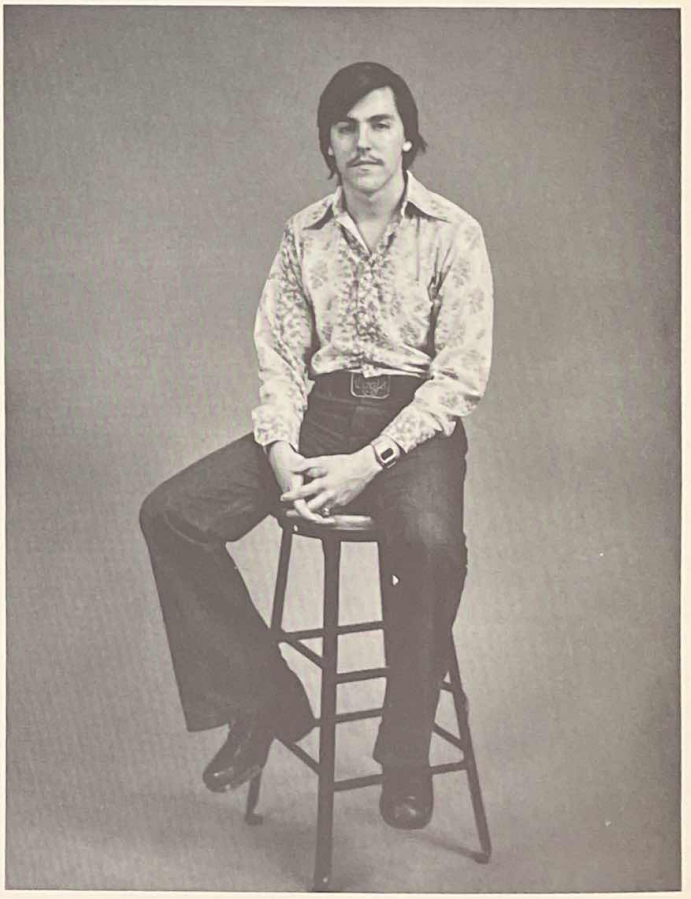


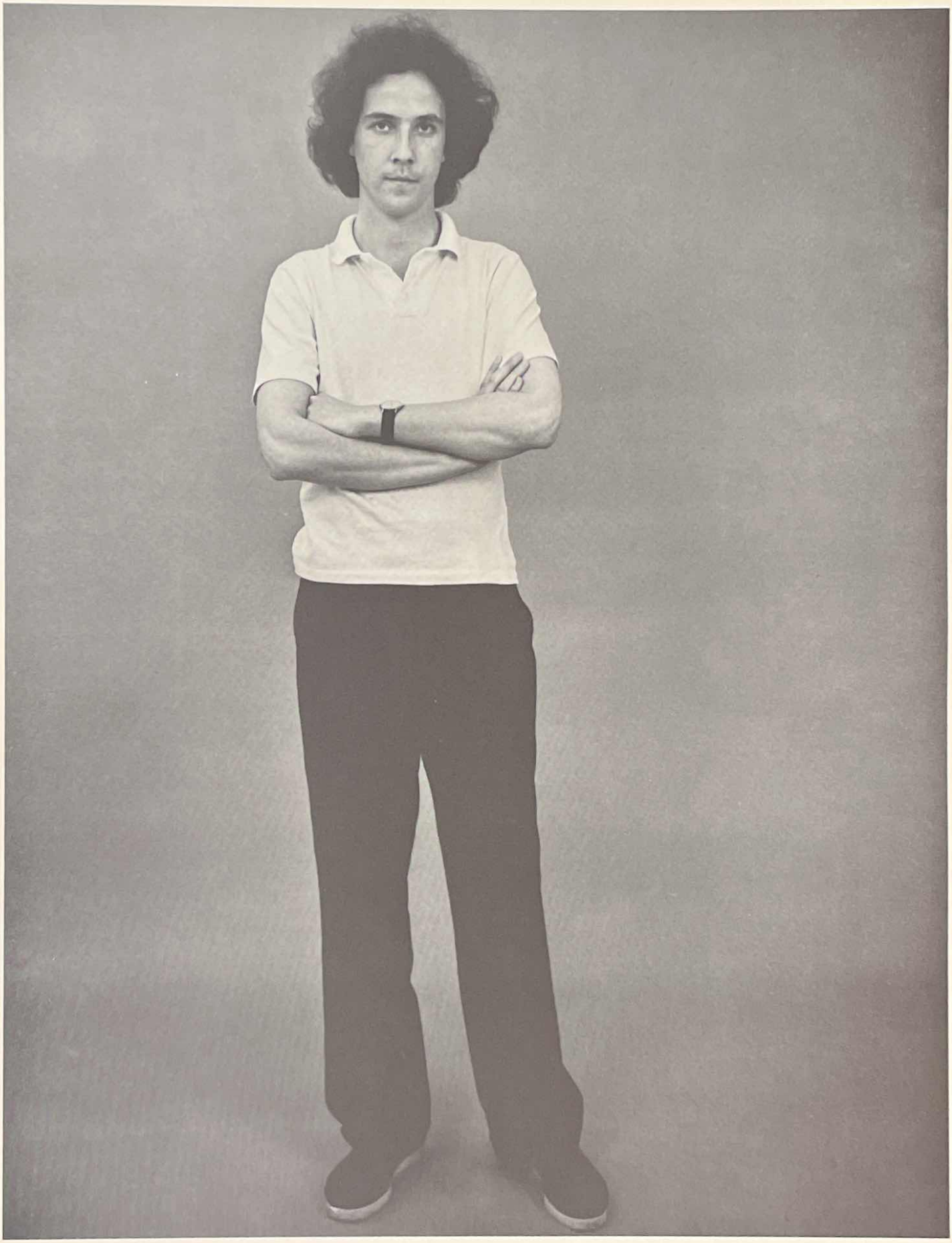


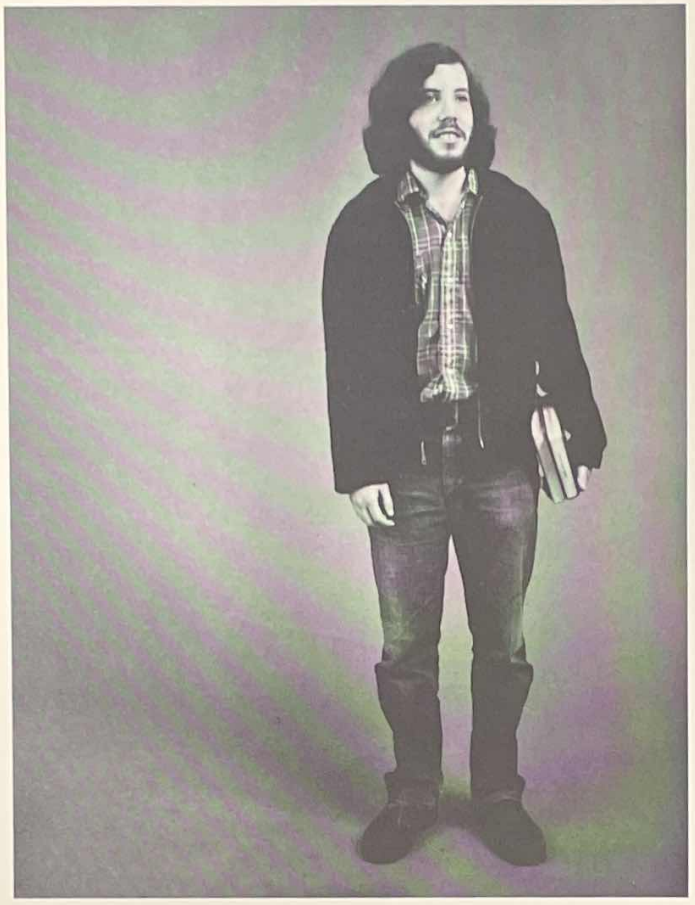


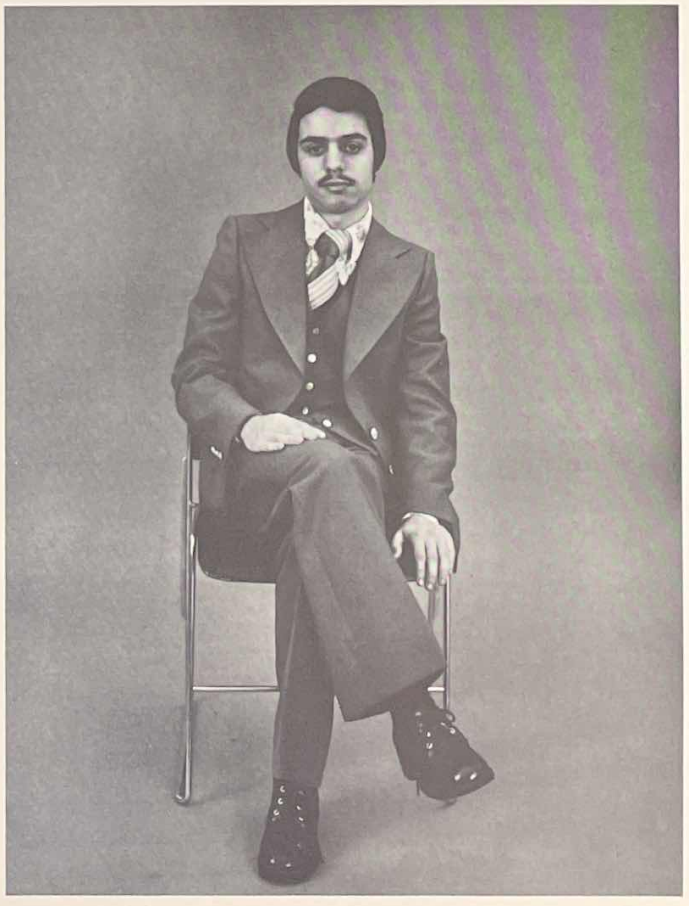


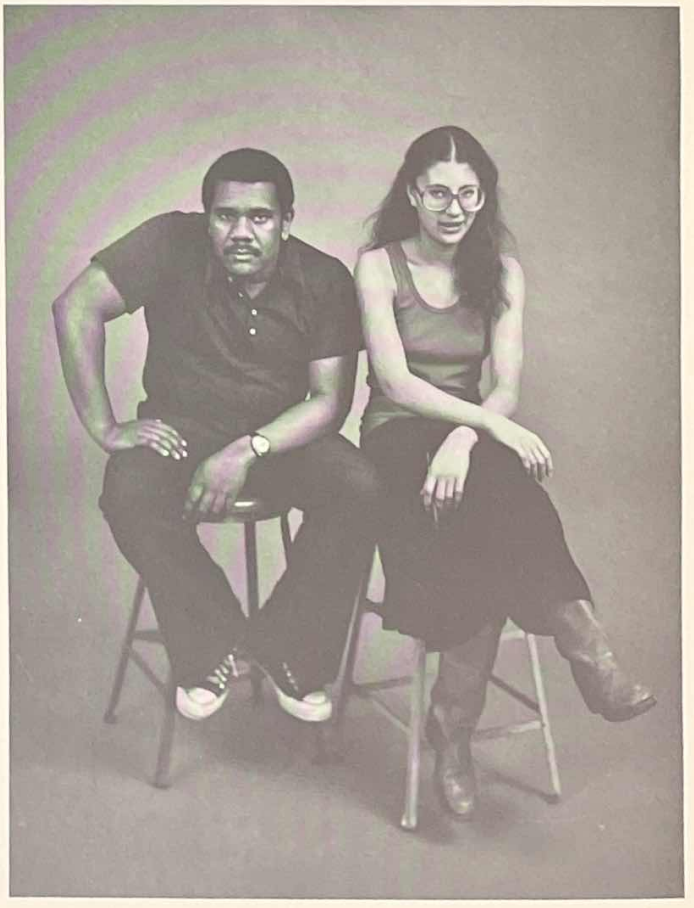




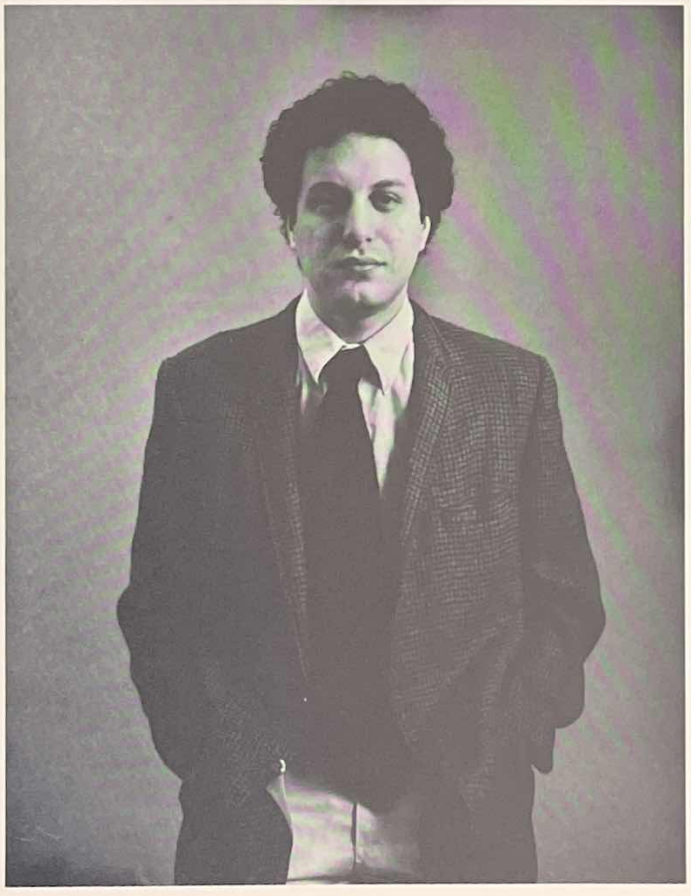


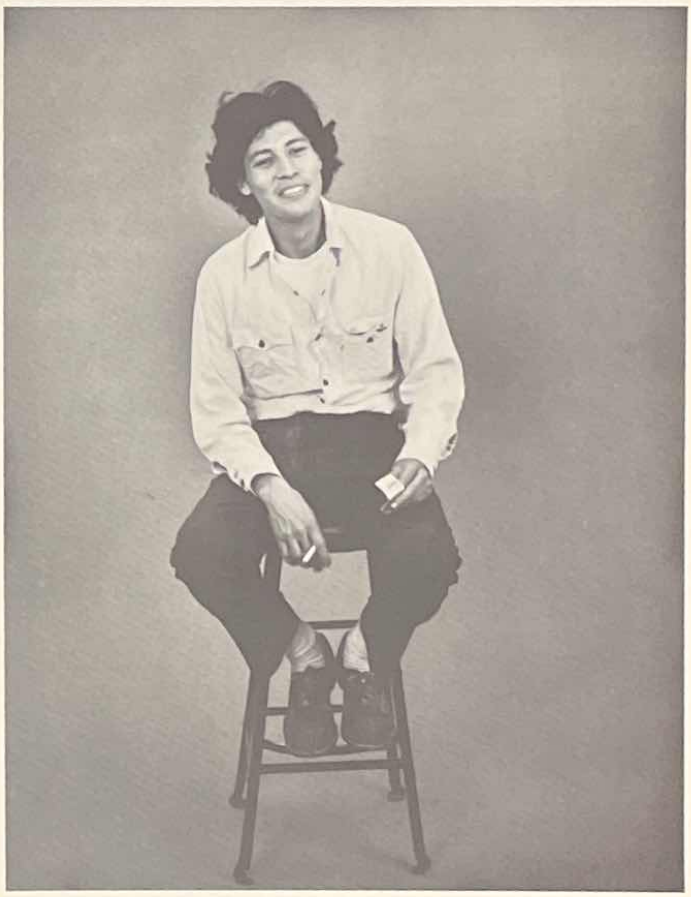




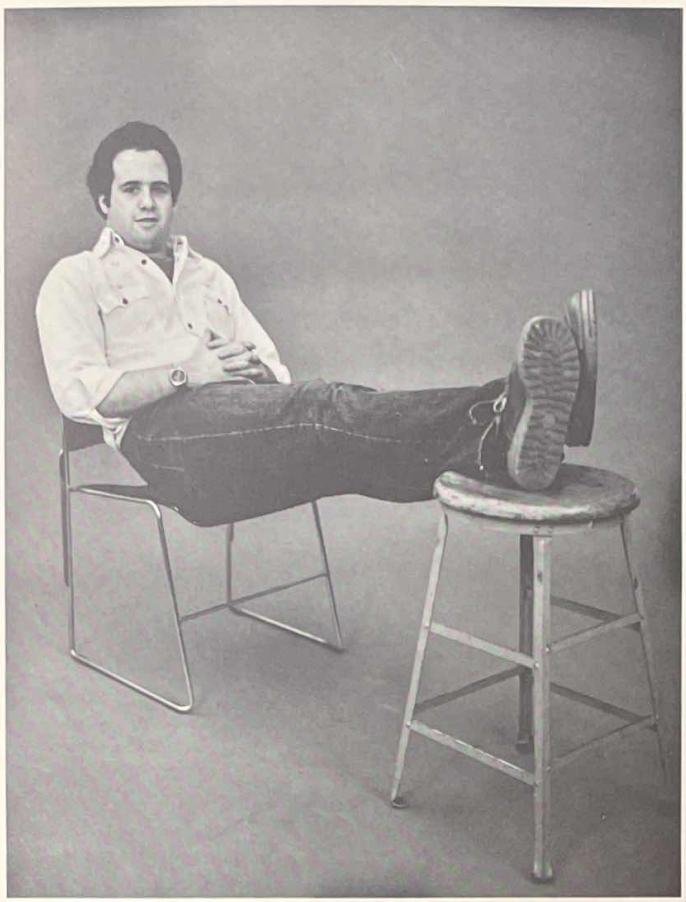


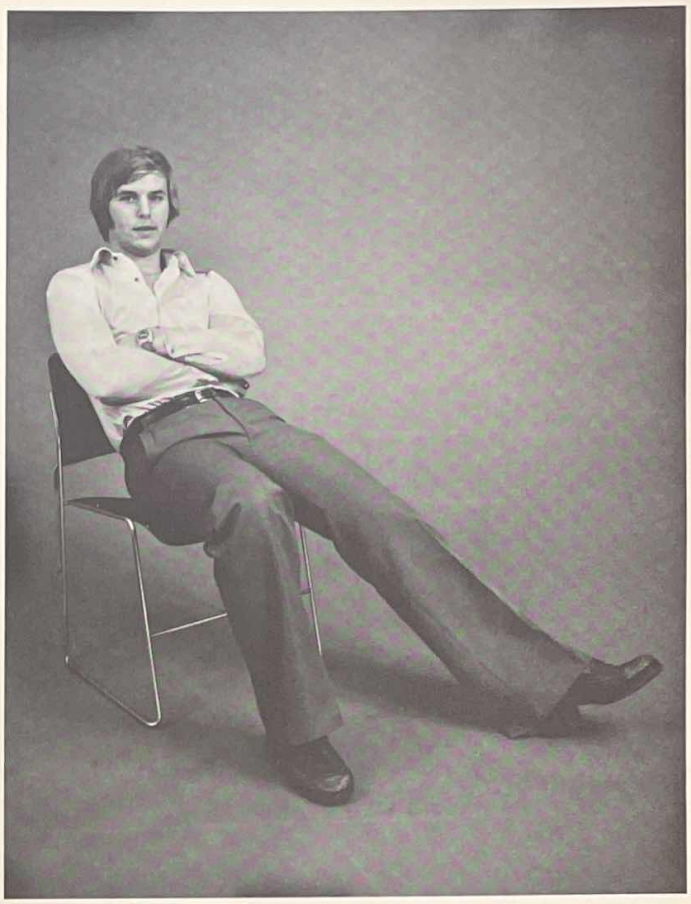
LAURA

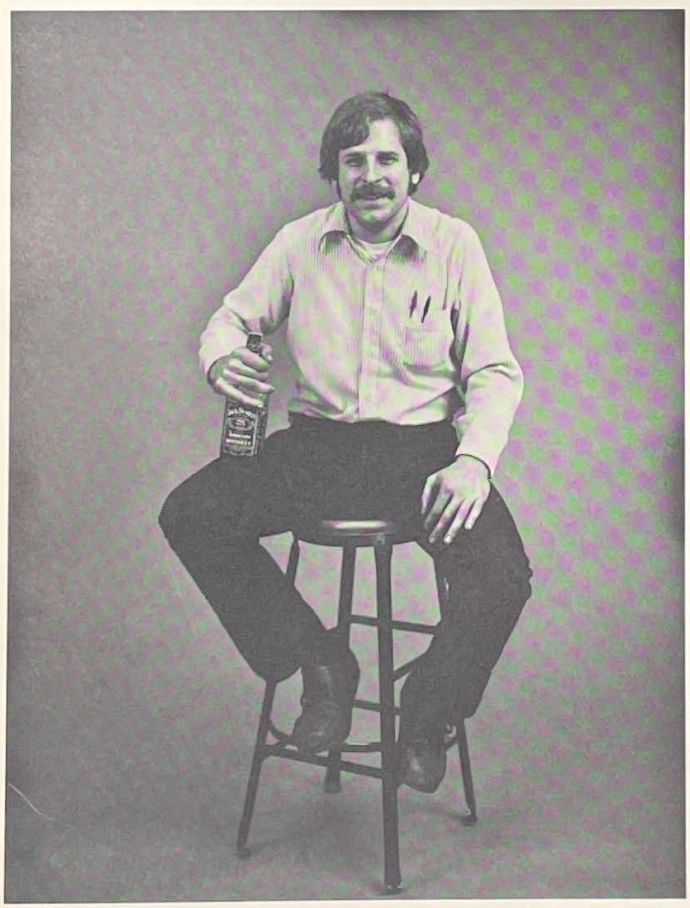


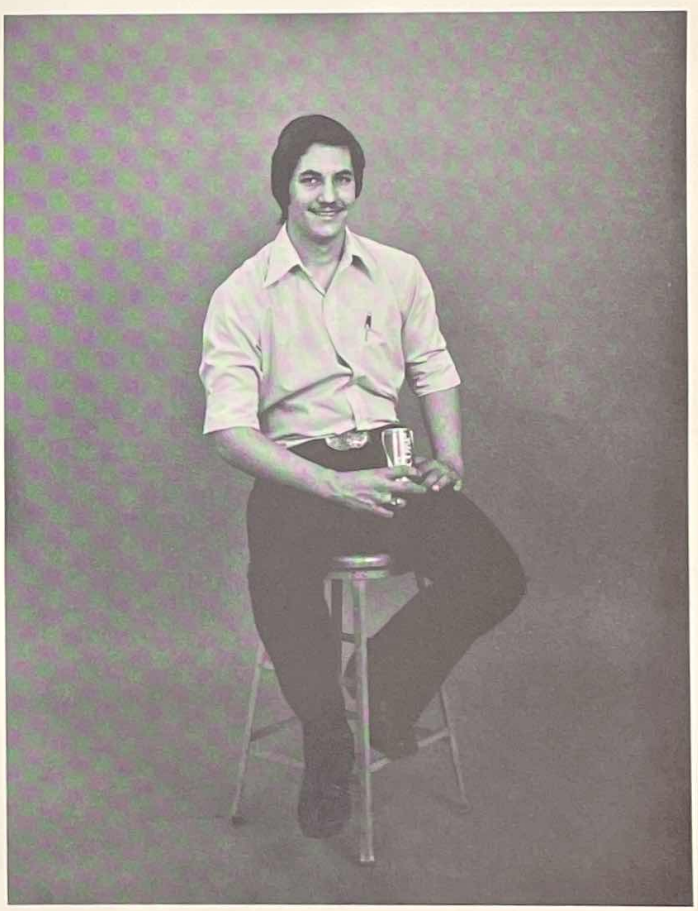


HOOVER









Key

*due to a stupid error on the part of the yearbook staff, for which we are really sorry.

Names clockwise from upper left

Page 34 William Jung
Page 35 Cowboy Dave Reibman
Steve Connors
Rita Boutros
Deborah Douillard
Page 36 John Nowak
Donnamarie Barnes
Richard Lewis
Phillip Jay Adler
Page 37 Lawrence Callender
Page 38 Susan Presutto
Marty Zubatkin
Jurgen Englehardt
Jean Taylor
Page 39 Wally Leong
Eugene Martino
Sandra Lesch
John Geiger
Page 40 Dorothy Black
Page 41 Wesley Salley
Steven Forman
Gregory Georgalis
Amil Schiaffino
Sam Lieblich
Shlomo Rasabi
Page 42 Nelson Jew
Carl Forestieri
Daniel Scharfman
Don Menz
Page 43 Curtis Vasquez
Page 44 Bonnie E. John
Meredith Gang
Arnold Rubenstein
Paul Lubowicki
Page 45 Jennifer Gallagher
Jeremy Eagle
Jim Kettig
Paul Lee
Page 46 Leslie Goldblatt
Page 47 Christopher Compton
Tom Reiser
Alan Schneiderman
Joe O'Neil
Jay Meismer
Albert Blazevicius
Jon Umhey
Bill Miyoshi
Mark Henson
Tom Mazz
Tom Driscoll
John Athas
Bill Maurd
Jim Macauley
Page 48 Tom Robertazzi
Steve Harwin
Mufutav Olatunji
James McCann
Page 49 Lawrence Barth
Page 50 Dave Rolinski
Philip Matcovich
Mitzi
Nicholas Arcuri
Page 51 Karen Fredericks
Joe Izen
Albert Queirolo
Philip Taaffe
Page 52 David Diamond
Page 53 Joseph Mask
John DiNicola
Lawrence Ira Scher
Mitchell Preiss
Page 54 Eric Finger
Peters Vecrumba
Carl Neuman
Tom Sgagliardich
Herb Strohsahl
Joel Yarmish
Michael B. Sisti
John F. Oakley
John Spivak
John Lapato
Peter Manceri
Page 55 Dana Sawczuk
Page 56 Jackie Merri Meyer
Melvin Dennis
Avis Epstein
Gerald Karp
Page 57 Anthony B. Catalano
Ed Wexler
Andrew Stephansen
Richard Saggio
Page 58 Joseph Spataro
Page 59 John Hitsos
Augustine Spivak
William Iafe
David Blitz
Page 60 Jan Forsell
5th floor 5
Jeff Sokol
Freddie Freeman
Page 61 William Voorhest
Page 62 Samuel M. Dower
Milan Bratin
Bob Grass
Ghebre E. Tzeghai
Page 63 Warren Egensteiner
Leslie Bauer
Margaret Hsiao
J. P. Wendler
Robert Cummings
Linda Pawlusiow
Steve Mosch
Page 64 Stuart Freeman
Page 65 Dori Hahn
Kay Nordstrom
Deborah Gittleman
Neal Pozner
Page 66 Erica Sohn
Alan Fuchs
Roland Belay
Ciro Greco
Page 67 Richard Allon
Page 68 Larry Adelman
Mai Keklak
Lorilee Garbowski
Juan Sanchez
Joseph Saverino
Page 69 Mitchell Preiss
Laura West
Bruce Koller
Barry Ash
Larry Adelman
Frank Attanasio
Laura West
Dave Hayward
Donald Manson
Rich Nici
Robert Blowski
Tim Ross
Bernie Maisner
Page 70 Diane Piemonte
Warren Fricke
Page 71 Julio Vasquez
Catherine Neukum
Lorenzo Clayton
Elaine Isaacson
Page 72 Tony Tsirontonakis
Page 73 Dale Gottdank
Jerry Lundquist
Ed Montvidas
Frank Attanasio
Page 74 Gene Pon
Howard Ng
Ruben Chang
Henry Chin
William Lee
Tat-Sing Huen
Page 75 Jane Pfaender

Not shown:

Kenneth Black
Anthony Bleasdell
Stephen Burges Chambers
Margaret Deamer
Jefferey Drexler
Vincent Lee
James McNeight
Barbara Kalish
Michael Monsky
Robert Rossero
Andrew Skurman
Jami Stutz
Paula Allen
Joe Campagna
David Doonan
Jerrol Eshelman
Mimi Fortunato
Suzanne Fuchs
David Gerlach
Bethany Jacobson
Valerie Jaquith
Suzannah Kelley
Susan Lamonica
Noel Malsberg
Sam Messer
Richard Milani
Marc Phares
Evelyn Ramos
George Ruppert
Susan Scully
Jeannie Shapiro
John Spence
Ihor Szpacczynsky
Steven Weiser
Dale Williams
Jaques Wolf
Thomas Hack
Nicholas Jaremko
Terrence Sehr
Colin Talbot
Hoi Chung
Charles Colman
Leo Dudin
Stephen Gliebe
Raymond Kwok-Ping Ho
Ching-Wah Lam
William Mauro
Robert Lombardi
Robert Ashburn
Maria Lago
Lorraine Munro
Jaime Rubin
Matthew Smosmas
Pasquale Zanzonico
Francis Adolfo
Joseph Eder
David Kneiling
Jeffrey Ross
Aniede Efiong U. Usoroh
Liyang Chu*
Joseph Gilroy
Ahmad Seyedain

About the Book

Credits

Cable "77 was conceived of, designed, and art directed as a cooperative effort by Lawrence Barth and Robert Cummings . . .

. . . who are grateful to the following contributors:

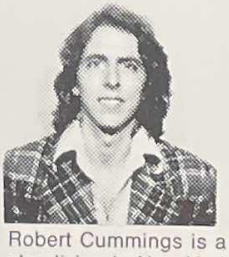
cover	Sculpture by Karen Fredericks
	Photography by Lawrence Barth
page 7	Illustration by Suzannah Kelley
page 12	Article by Dean Baker
page 15	Painting by Bernard Maisner
	(painting on far left of painting by Susan Presutto)
page 19	Photograph by Stuart Freeman
pages 22-23	Illustration by Ed Wexler
page 24	Illustration by Yasuo Kabota
page 25	Artwork by Michael Aron
page 29	Artwork by Robert Cummings
page 33	Photograph by Stuart Freeman
pages 34-75	Photography by Lawrence Barth
	assisted by Robert Cummings
	and Stuart Freeman

Acknowledgements

Insert pages printed by Cortland Press
Binding by Wire-O
Printed by Hudson Printing Co.
Typesetting by York Type

Raimondo Borea
Marilyn Gore
Mr. W.

Lawrence Barth, a native New Yorker, is a freelance art-director, designer and photographer. His work has included the design of exhibitions, books, point of purchase packaging, promotional material and corporate identity programs. Since leaving Cooper Union he has been working on the New York Times Magazine and as design consultant on an as yet unpublished magazine.



Robert Cummings is a freelance designer also living in New York. Over the past few years his work has included corporate design projects, product design and promotion for a line of top-end stereo components, and organization and design of trade shows. He is currently working as creative director of a new monthly newspaper based in Westchester County.